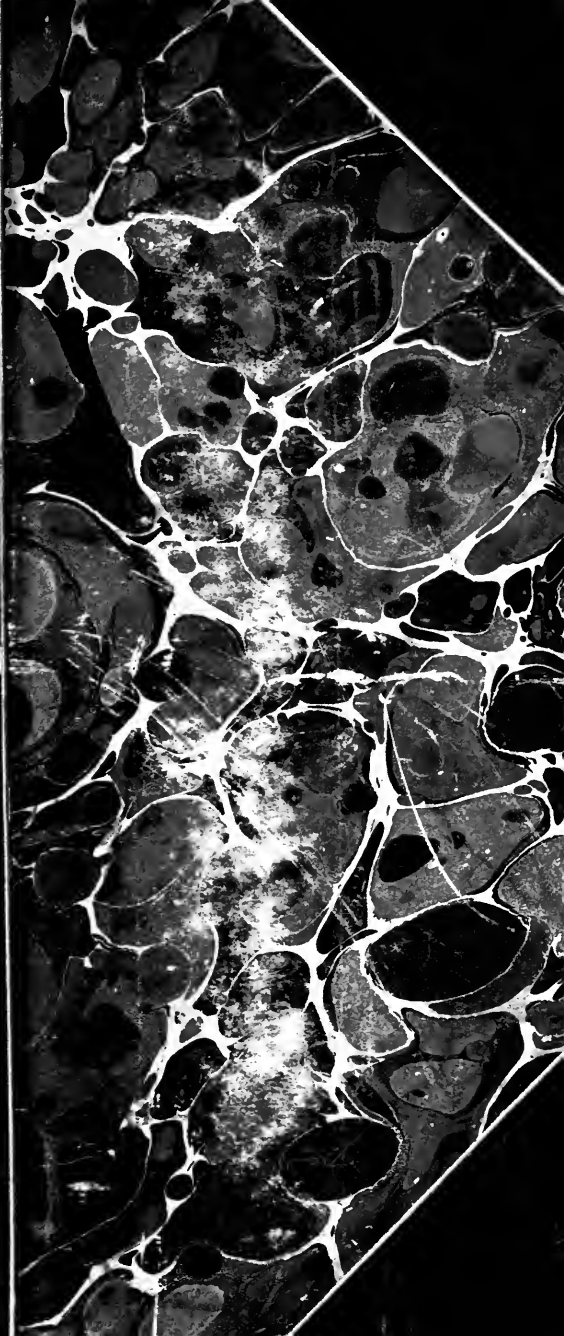


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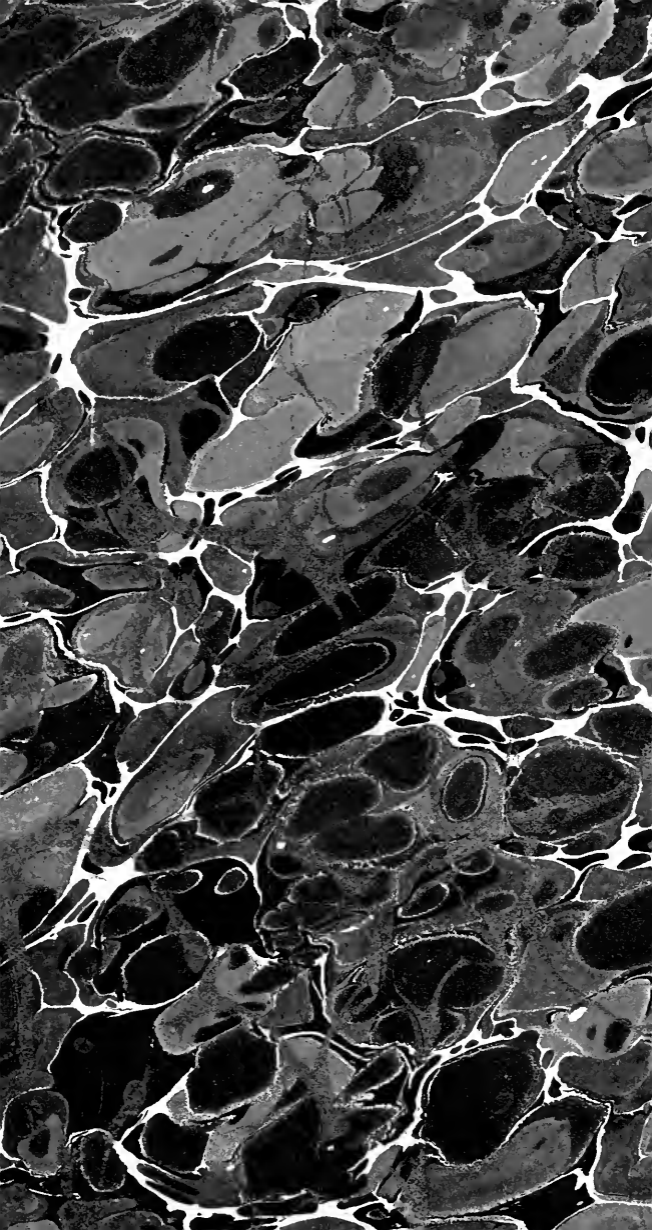
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THE ITINERANT

IN

SCOTLAND.

BY S. W. RYLEY.

“The world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man, in his time, plays many parts.”

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW,
CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH; AND GRIFFIN, GLASGOW.

1850.

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The Itinerant.

CHAP. I.

There was a degree of humour in this burlesque harangue, that highly entertained those who understood it, which every one did, with the exception of the worthy Cheery and the alderman. The former still conceiving that the orator was a preacher, and knowing as little of politics, as he did of things in general, endeavoured to bring this strange discourse within the line of theological interpretation, and with regard to the sheep and lambs, he found it quite easy upon an allegorical, typical, and emblematical principle, but the bell wether and

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the remainder of the discourse, he could not recollect any thing in the scriptures like it, except universal grazing, which he said was typical of Nebuchadnezzar, and gave the orator credit for a holy and a pious man.

But the lusty gentleman from Thread-needle-street, thought otherwise, and looked upon it as he did upon every thing he did not understand, as a seditious, mutinous, radical rhapsody, and walked away, muttering——“ Abominable—a hobble gobble—that is—must be looked after — Botany Bay—maw waw — Sidmouth—infernal jackobinical—that is—scoundrel.” Nor could he, on any account, after this, during our short voyage, come near, notice, or speak to the unfortunate orator. However, the worthy Callaghaduggan and his son, made ample amends; they laughed exceedingly, and shook him by the hand, with thanks for the very pleasant way in which he had silenced the disputants.

This act of civil encouragement did not pass unnoticed by the alderman, who, conceiving they were all of the same political principles, began to think he had got into a nest of Scotch radicals, and fancied every thing that was said had a similar tendency.

The little army contractor, who, though he neither cared or knew any thing about either politics or theology, delighting in the mortification of his fat fellow traveller, clapped the orator on the shoulder, exclaiming, with a victorious smile, "Vell done, Mister Botheration, I wow that are's a better speech than ever was made in a Court of Aldermen."

The dancers now recalled our attention, and my young dandy friend having joined the group, caused a general interest, by the sprightly elegance of his deportment. There happened to be a comely plump Scotch lassie amongst them, and whenever she came near him in the dance, he clapped his hands, with a "Ha; how did you come?" then shot

like a dart down the dance, with a degree of mirth and humour that inspired all around.

But here, as we have had too often cause before to remark, the cup of comfort having become too full of sweets, perhaps, to be longer relished, without a sprinkling of the bitter, was suddenly dashed to the ground, and the general joy changed in a moment to general alarm and heart-piercing anxiety.

All was going on just, one would think, as it should do,---a smile sat on every countenance; the glorious sun liberally bestowed its benevolent beams on the beautiful hills around; there did not seem to be an aching heart on deck, even the horrid squall, and dreadful drone of the brawney piper, from the pleasant effects they produced, on animated youth and beauty, became less discordant to the ear, and the mortified alderman, having purchased half a dozen China oranges, crammed his Barcelona under his chin, or chins, for he had two, to save his fresh

starched chitterling from yellow tints, sat munching and sucking, which caused a cessation of his inarticulate sounds, and he absolutely seemed to look on with something like participating pleasantly.

From this state of happy forgetfulness, we were in an instant roused by a horrid shriek from a female voice, and in an instant every attention was drawn towards the gunwale of the vessel, where lately sat Podo, with her infant in her arms. She had risen from her seat. "My child! my child!" cried she, in agonizing tones, and instantly plunged into the deep.

Every one became panic struck; they did not know what to do; some ran one way, some another, whilst the good Cheery clasped his hands with a pious look to heaven, and exclaimed, "The Lord Almighty help her."

The men belonging to the steam packet, however, took the only wise means, by jumping into the boat that was tied to the stern of the vessel, preparing to afford every assistance in their power, but poor

Murtoch afforded a most whimsical exhibition, had it been a time to indulge a thought of levity. The poor fellow was warmly attached to this black blossom of Ethiopian growth; and when he first beheld her jump into the water, gave an Irish howl, that re-echoed from the adjoining hills; and though he could not swim, was preparing to follow the mistress of his affections, had not young Callaghaduggan, seizing him by the arm, inquired, "Can you swim, Murtoch?" "How can I till, your honour, until I try." In an instant, however, we were greeted with a most pleasing and unexpected change, every fear gave way to hope and seeming certainty of safety.

It is well known to almost every one, that has either read or travelled, that our black brethren, male or female, are from their infancy, expert swimmers; had this come across our minds, no alarm would have taken place; but the suddenness of the thing smothered recollection, and a general fear for the safety of the

individuals superseded every other idea, till, in a moment, we perceived her rise, and with anxious looks, turn every way with as much ease as though she were in her native element; then eagerly seizing something that floated on the surface, in an instant held up her infant to our view, with a shout of exultation, in which we all joined, as fervently as ever saint put up an orison, whilst the grateful Cheery, with a generous tear standing in his eye, exclaimed, with a sigh, and I firmly believe, from the bottom of his soul,—“The Lord be praised.”

When a worthy but unfortunate individual is incarcerated by the tormenting fangs of the law, and the tender hand of commiserating friendship procures instant emancipation, the soul of the liberated, feels a stronger sense of pleasure, than it would have experienced, had the circumstance never taken place.

The human mind in our case, being now eased of a weight of anguish and alarm, the more readily gave place to

happier sensations, and another shout of general joy took place, from one end of the vessel to the other, whilst poor Podo, full of joy and gladness, as she floated by the side of the vessel, seated her little one on her breast, whilst it smiled and chuckled, unconscious of danger, and absolutely patted playful slaps upon its mother's cheeks. The scene was awfully interesting, and scarcely a dry eye beheld it.

The boat soon brought them safe to the vessel, and poor Murtoch, absolutely danced for joy; whilst taking the infant in his arms, he exclaimed, "Ah, by de powers, it's a young salamander; did ye see how it swimm'd about, like a little burnt-cork, on the top of de water, till de maremaid, its mother, rescued it away."

Podo now repaired to the worthy Mrs. M'Kinley, who ordered her and her infant into a comfortable bed, till dry clothes could be prepared.

All this began, continued, and ended in less than a quarter of an hour, during

which the alderman sat unmoved, devouring his china oranges, and when asked if he did not feel interested, replied,—“Maw waw—that is—about what?—bother—a hub-bubble bubble—black slaves—jackobins—I’ve plenty in Jamacia—sell ’em sell ’em.”

The steward now came to inform the cabin passengers that dinner was on the table, and accordingly every one answered the welcome summons.—It was laughable to observe the alderman, who the moment he heard the dinner announced, forgetting the impracticability of descending into the cabin, pocketed the remainder of his oranges with all possible expedition, and waddled away towards the gangway, the sight of which soon brought his miseries to his mind, which he took good care should not be kept a secret, but poured forth torrents of unintelligible abuse upon the d—d jackobin packet, for not having a wider staircase.

The little army tailor, viewing, with a wicked smile, the alderman’s embarrassment, and wishing to increase it as much

as he possibly could, clapped him on the shoulder as he passed, "Come, Mr. Alderman, make haste, we're all wery hungry for our wittels; your favourite dish is on the table, a wery excellent fillet of weal."

"Is there, by G—? that's galoptious--maw waw—hobble gobble—is it *stuffed*?"

"Oh yes, wasly beautiful; would ye like a squeeze of a lemon?"

Irritated by this description, the alderman was now left alone on the top of the stairs, roaring out like an overgrown bull, fenced out of a rich pasture; and there he might have remained, had not the steward hit upon the only scheme likely to procure this weighty member of the corpo, a slice of his favourite *fillet of real stuffed*.

As some consolation, however, for the probable loss of his dinner, as the alderman stood on the top of this unaccommodating staircase, he received a basket, containing half-a-dozen bottles of *claret*, and a polite note from Lady Larceny,

hoping the wine would be some compensation for the liberty his Lordship had taken in discomposing his wig. The luxurious look he instantly cast at the devoted bottles, was truly epicurian, whilst he muttered, "Claret—'pon my—hubble bubble—the genteel thing—maw waw—much obliged—waiter!—how am I to—hubble bubble—down these infernal stairs?"

Now there was a way of far wider dimensions, by the steerage, that entered the cabin, through a back door but seldom opened, the steward conducted the alderman and his basket of wine this way into the cabin, and when he made his unexpected appearance, a general laugh could not be restrained, whilst young Callaghaduggan greeted him with, "Ha, how did you come?" But without saying a word in reply, he cast his longing eyes with smiling satisfaction on the smoking *fillet*, and seating himself as near as he could, after tucking again his Barcelona under his double chin, held out

his plate, and addressed Lady Larceny, who sat opposite the favourite joint, without noticing her title, “ I’ll thank ye, ma’am, for—maw waw—that is, a bit of the brown.” “ Oh, certainly, sir”—*a brute.*”

CHAP. II.

The reader will recollect the before-mentioned singular mode this lady had of whispering to herself, what she really thought, after she had expressed herself aloud in a different way. To observe this singularity more advantageously, I placed myself by her side, and took a minute view of her person. She was a corpulent, well grown woman, perhaps fifty years of age, with a countenance indicating strong sense and discernment; her address, from the impulse of the moment, was gracious and conciliating; but reflection instantly changed her features, as much as to say, I'm lying, and she whispered to herself what she conceived to be the truth.

“ A little more of the—a—hubble

bubble—that is, of the stuffing, if you please, ma'am.” “By all means, sir—the old devil; he'll eat all the force-meat. Would you like a little gravy, sir?”—“A little! a hubble bubble—a great deal, if you please.” Certainly, sir—*Disgusting hog.*”

Before we sat down, I was surprised to observe a profusion of plate on the table, seldom to be met with in the first houses, particularly spoons. There were twenty passengers, and a spoon was laid to each knife and fork; nor was there a mark or coat-of-arms to be seen on any of them; but before the cloth was drawn, the number of spoons were considerably diminished. This brought to mind the communication of our landlord at Greenock, concerning his lordship's attachment to property, that sometimes came in his way, to which he had no legal title, and I soon observed him make away with two or three, in a most dexterous manner. The spoons in his vicinity had made their exit unobserved, nor missed

by any one but myself, and his lordship, not satisfied with what he had already purloined, as soon as the cloth was drawn requested more spoons might be brought in, that he might help to almonds, raisins, nuts, &c. Having accomplished this, he laid a spoon by the side of his plate, and having cast his eyes around to see that no one observed him, drew his handkerchief leisurely over it, and in a few minutes put them both in his pocket.

During this singular circumstance, I frequently looked towards Cheery, who with me heard the landlord's intelligence, but he, good unsuspected soul, could not believe ill of any one, more especially of rank and family. As I felt a strong desire to obtain further information on this subject, I left the cabin, and went in search of the butler, to whom I disclosed what I had just witnessed.

The man smiled, but seemed not in the least astonished; nay, observed that it was no more than he expected and had

provided for, having supplied the table with his lordship's own plate, always laid by for similar occasions, without any mark or particular fashion, lest his lordship should recognize his own, and be offended.

When I returned to the cabin, I found the whole company, with the exception of the alderman, in high admiration of Mrs. M'Kinley's poodles, little Sky and Mull, who were placed on the table, fondling with every one who chose to make free with them ; I, however, plainly saw her ladyship was not well pleased with the familiarity of these little animals, and when asked how she liked them, replied, "*Beautiful, dear sweet creatures,—Dirty stinking devils ; I hate the sight of 'em.*"

The wind had risen, and the water became extremely agitated, causing a sudden pitching of the vessel, that so discomposed the ancient spinster's spirits, that she fancied herself on the point of swooning, and for support laid violent

hands on poor Cheery, who sat next her, conning his hymn-book, and little expecting such an embrace ; but as soon as he was led to believe that indisposition was the case, he used every effort in his power for her relief. Indeed, every one conceiving that she was much worse than she really was, rose and administered, each proposing a remedy.—*Brandy, Rum, Whiskey* ; and my young roguish friend, laying hold of the Alderman's Claret-bottle, and glass, observed there was nothing like a glass of light wine in these cases ; then took one himself, and offered the lady another, but the lusty gentleman, with fury in his eyes, seized his arm, and exclaimed, “ Stop, stop, maw waw —hobble gobble —devil a drop, drink myself—old maids —drink water.” Her ladyship now handed down her smelling-bottle, observing—“ Poor dear lady ! how I pity her—*an old cat.*”

Having recovered herself, she began to conceive that the unpleasant motion of

the vessel was owing to some misfortune or mismanagement, and requested Cheery to inform her if the *safety valve* would permit sufficient *hair*. Poor Cheery, who was totally ignorant of mechanics, and knew more of Watt's Hymns than Watt's steam engines, finding himself at a loss how to reply, began to hammer, and stammer, till he was relieved by the army contractor's cockney assurance. "*Why, as to the safety valve, ma'am?*" Here the alderman burst into a loud laugh,—"*Ha, ha, ha, safety valve, blethera wether, what the devil's that?—Taylors ignorant—maw waw—Sundy-schools'*" Now the spinster, whose respect for persons, like the world in general, ebbed and flowed, not according to merit, but according to the degree of property they possessed, having heard that this little man had accumulated a large fortune, no matter how, looked up to him as a person possessed of all the cardinal virtues, and with some spirit checked the alderman's mirth, by observing—"Mr. *Halderman*, you are

too *ard*, on the gentleman, he's a *harmy hagent*"—"I never minds, ma'am, *ven* vine's in, vit's out you know, but as I was saying a safety *walve* is properly speaking gentlemen's suspenders, or *gallowses*." "Ha, ha, *gallows*—hobble bobble—ha, ha, that's a suspender, indeed! maw waw—low, vulgar."—" 't aint *wulgar*, I say; *ven* I was taking measure of the *King of Prussia* for *millintary* panterloons, back stitched, leather sides, spurred and understrapped; says I to the King"—At this moment the packet stopped to take in passengers at the foot of a hill on the side of the Loch. It is most singular, that almost all the families in the vicinity of this calling place, I do not recollect the title, are named *Campbell*, which in Scotland is generally pronounced *Cammell*. Many people, we could discern through the window, were coming down the hill towards the vessel, and when the steward was asked what was to do, replied, "The *Cammells* are coming."—"Hubble bubble—menagerie—that is, by Pidcock—maw waw—wish I was out."

The old maid again began to apply her ladyship's smelling-bottle, at the same time observing, with some alarm, that it was too bad to think of bringing wild beasts into the Steam-packets, and it was to be hoped they would not be permitted to enter that apartment. "Vell, I do'nt understand this here business at all; it is impossible for a *Cammel* to come into this here room. Vee have hard vork enough to get in vone *vild beast* already,—had'nt vee, Mister Alderman?" This was a fair hit, and caused some laughter; but the spinster could not laugh; she understood, from what dropped from the Alderman, that a *Menagerie* was literally coming on board, and the trepidation she was evidently in, particularly amused the *Callaghaduggans*, who plainly understood the cause of this mistake, of which they were convinced, by the entrance of a dozen well dressed young men and women, who for *form, feature*, and pleasing address, surpassed the common run of human nature; and what is rather

strange, though in the Highlands, where every one can speak *Gaelic*, the English language is more pure and grammatical than in any part of England; and I am informed in *Invernessshire*, which is near two hundred miles further north, it is still more purely spoken.

The sight of these good looking strangers caused some surprise in the minds of most of the company, who literally understanding the word *Cammel*, to signify the animal of that name, found themselves agreeably disappointed.

From this addition to our company, the cabin became extremely warm, and the spinster's delicate nerves were so much affected that she begged the door might be thrown open, observing, "I should like a little hair!"—"So should I—maw waw, that is, with plenty of currant jelly; ha, ha, ha."

The Alderman, who had finished the second bottle of his claret, without asking any one to partake with him, looked upon this as a good hit, and cast his eyes around

in expectation of applause, but the general attention was drawn towards the new comers, which so mortified the Alderman, that he muttered to himself,—“maw, waw—stupid jackobites, that is, Radicals, Rebels.”

CHAP. III.

The wind having abated, the packet proceeded gently along, and the light toe'd gentry on the deck were again called together by a pibroch from the piper, and as the cabin had now become crowded, his Lordship proposed an adjournment to the small room, which, as he looked upon as his own apartment, he invited the Callaghaduggans, myself, and Cheery, leaving the good looking *Cammels* to take their dinner, the alderman to his claret, and the old maid and army agent to talk about the King of Prussia's pantaloons.

As I followed my Lord and his Lady pretty close, determined to lose no opportunity of witnessing all their eccentricities, I could plainly observe his Lordship's pocket somewhat expanded, which I conjectured to be caused by the spoons, of

which my ear convinced me, as he seated himself in his chair.

The butler placed wine of different kinds on the table, and the conversation turned on various subjects, in which Callaghaduggan bore a principal part, with a degree of feeling, sense, and information, which proved him a being of an exalted stamp; although it was plain, from her ladyship's side-speeches, which I, having seated myself by her side on purpose, could plainly hear, that his sentiments were, at times, much too liberal for her high-flown prejudices. She never opposed any one but her husband, because to him she had thrown off the veil of fashionable falsehood, and spoke what she really conceived to be true.

My way of life hitherto was unknown to the whole company, with the exception of Mrs. M'Kinley, for even Cheery, the worthy, the guileless Cheery, was as yet ignorant of my, what he would think, sinful calling.

I cannot recollect how it came on the

tapis, but the stage and its professors became the topic of conversation, in which Cheery would bear no part, except now and then heaving a deep sigh, and perhaps conceiving that all these diabolical doings were brought into the world on account of the fall, for he had never, either read or seen a Play, and had from infancy been taught to despise them, and to look upon a Theatre as the devil's Tabernacle, and Dramatic performers as infernal Imps. The worthy Mrs. M'Kinley labored under the same prejudice, but either her long experience of the world, and particularly the fanatical part of it, together with, perhaps, the effects made upon her mind, by her perusing the Itinerant, had softened down much of her former asperity against the stage and its professors, for her heart was made of too noble materials to remain long under the dominion of uncharitable and unchristian-like impressions.

“Mister—a—Romney—aye that's it.”

“Your lordship is right, Romney is ace

name.” “I remember Mossop, the great Irish tragedian; he was remarkable for ease of deportment and suavity of manners.” “Po—po—nonsense, your lordship forgets, he was a stately proud imperious character.” “Eh—my lady—do you say so, I believe you are right—Oh, yes, now I recollect, he was remarkably stiff—stiff as a poker; you remember, my lady, we used to call him Poker Mossop. Tate Wilkinson too, I remember; he was a comical dog, a great mimic, but his face was too handsome for comic effect; he had a striking eye, a harmonious voice, and a Roman nose—wrote a book, called the Wandering Refuge.” “I should not presume to doubt the accuracy of your lordship’s statement, had I not been personally acquainted with the gentleman you speak of, the features of whose face were any thing but handsome; his eyes were small and inexpressible, his nose, if it might be called one, was flat and so diminutive, that the contour of his countenance, gave a favourable effect to his

humourous anecdotes, by inclining his auditors to risibility before he commenced, and the title of the book he wrote was not the Wandering Refuge, but the Wandering Patentee." "I dare say the gentleman is right, my lord;—*what a superficial fool he is.*" "Do you think so, my lady?—oh, yes, I recollect he had a flat nose like a bull-dog—you remember, my lady, we used to call him snub nose—aye, snub nose Tate—but of all the humourists he that led the van was—a—Foot—aye, that's it, and then he was so agile, the most delightful harlequin I ever saw, jump through a tub on fire." "Really, my lord, you are quite ridiculous; how could a man with a wooden leg act harlequin?—*He's a lunatic.*" "Legs—legs—aye---O, yes, I remember, thank you, my lady---think I see him hopping up and down the stage; you remember, my lady, we used to call him peg leg---peg leg Foot."

From his Lordship's skill in amplification, I soon found that a strict adherence

to truth, was not one of his eccentricities. Amongst many strange assertions, in which he always appealed to his lady, and was as regularly contradicted, he related an anecdote, to prove the wonderful powers of transformation and imitation, possessed by the late Mr. Foot, so as to be able to deceive a respectable dinner party of his most intimate friends.

“*Foot*, you know, Mr.—a—Romney—aye, Romney—that’s it—*Foot*, sir, was an associate for people of the first rank and fashion—we were all dining one day with my Lord--a--Somerville--aye, that’s it. When the cloth was drawn, and the joke and song went round, *Foot*, who was of the party left the room, on some pretext or other, and in a few minutes a gentle rap was heard at the window, for we were on the ground floor; and a decrepid old woman, smoking a short, dirty pipe, appeared, curtsying in the street, and supplicating charity. Now, Mr.---a---you will easily conceive such a piece of assurance exasperated the whole party. Some

were for sending the old baggage to prison, but Sir George---a---dear me---Simple---aye, that's it---Sir George said, let her alone, I'll be a match for the beldame.

So the window being thrown up, the old woman repeated a most lamentable story, during which Sir George had mixed up a glass of port wine, with a large tea-spoon full of strong mustard and Cayenne pepper; and with a commiserating countenance and soothing aspect offered it to the old woman, who, on tasting the liquid looked revengefully on Sir George, and threw the contents in his face.

The Baronet, in great fury, jumped down from the window, doubtless with a full intent to destroy the old woman, who was making her escape as fast as she could, when just as he was on the point of seizing her, he espied a wooden leg, which exposed the whole deception, and, Sir George returned into the room arm-in-arm with the old woman, who concluded this humourous scene, by singing the—"a—what do you call it—the old

woman of eighty--aye--that's it. You were there, my lady, you must remember the old woman."—"Oh yes, my Lord—a *most abominable lie from beginning to ending.*" The truth of her ladyship's side-speech, which she little supposed any one heard, I could easily give credit to, for amongst all Foot's imitative attempts, he never employed his vocal powers, because he had none.

Foot was, doubtless, the greatest imitator of that day, but great as he was, to place him on any kind of equality with our modern Aristophenes, *Charles Mathews*, is sacrificing truth to early prejudices, and this leads me to make a short digression, by introducing an anecdote, to which I was an eye witness, and in the relation I will, "nothing extenuate."

About twenty years ago, I was a member of the Liverpool corps Dramatique, together with Mr. Young, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Banks, and many others, under the management of Messrs. Lewis and Knight. Mr. Mathews then sustained the situation

of principal comedian, with that success, which his skill and talent, in the histrionic art, never failed to produce, little thinking at that time, he combined within himself a fund of singular talent, whereby *alone* he had it in his power to gratify the taste of a London audience, season after season, which the empty benches of old Dury and Covent Garden testified to their cost.

I am now speaking of upwards of twenty years ago. But even at this early period, his genius frequently broke out in a wonderful display of original and most singular talent, not merely in the imitation of *actors*, in which, although he surpassed all others, he seldom indulged, conceiving it invidious to turn the failings of his brothers in the profession into ridicule, but by sustaining imaginary characters in extemporary dialogue, or by an almost instantaneous change of appearance by a turn of the hat, or a twist of features, into a form so

different from his general aspect, that without some anticipation of the deception, even his intimate friends were frequently deceived.

One morning, at rehearsal, Mathews having at least half an hour to spare, leaving the green room, as usual, in a roar of laughter by his whimsical anecdotes and humourous imitations, made a successful attempt at personification, indeed the most complete I ever witnessed or heard of.

In the space of a few minutes, he appeared at the Box-office, completely metamorphosed, without change of apparel; and placed his name, *Mr. Pennyman*, in the book, for a centre box. Roberts, the Office-keeper, who knew Mathews as well as any man, was completely deceived; nor entertained the least idea of deception, whilst Mathews with his quizzing-glass, sauntered about the Theatre, till he got into the centre box; and then seating himself for some time, unobserved by the performers, rehearsing on the stage, from

the darkness that always prevails during the day time, in the front of the house, till at last their attention was attracted by the shrill pipe of a child crying "Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" The tender feelings of the female part of the performers, were strongly excited for the poor infant, and the acting manager placing his hand to his forehead, to assist the visionary powers, exclaimed, "Who is that person with a child? a very improper place to bring children; stage-keeper, go and send that child away, and tell its mammy to slap its bottom, and put it to bed;" upon which, the stage-keeper, for expedition-sake, strode over the iron spikes into the stage box, and not finding any one, proceeded to the centre, where sat Mathews, whom, as a stranger, he thus addressed, "Pray sir, have you got a child?" "Yes, I have, but what's that to you? my name's Pennyman, I have just taken this box." "Yes, sir, but we just heard a child cry." "You mistake; it was a *tom-cat*, but if my dog

Trim finds him—Trim, Trim ! here, Trim, Trim !”

This was all said in so strange a tone that it was impossible to recognise the voice of Mathews ; and the stage-keeper, fully satisfied that there was no child, returned to the stage, and told the acting manager that it was not a child but a cat. “ A cat ! a cow, you mean ; you pump ; can a cat say, Oh dear ! you spooney ?”

CHAP. IV.

The rehearsal had not proceeded far, when a total stop was put to all further proceedings, by a terrible uproar in the centre box; a cat and dog were most vociferously worrying each other, barking, swearing, growling, snarling, biting, spitting, scratching, whilst a person was observed laying on them with a stick most unmercifully. Indeed, it is impossible to describe the effects of this wonderful imitation, so great that there was not a person on the stage, except Mr. Young, who, from his intimacy with Mathews, had often been in the habit of witnessing his wonderful talent, but what conceived a dog and cat were fighting, and some one beating them with a stick.

This was, however, too serious an in-

terruption to pass unnoticed ; and a messenger was dispatched to the Box-keeper immediately to turn out the man, and the dog and cat ; but before the messenger arrived Mathews had walked leisurely out.

Determined, however, to carry the scene on still further, old Charles Pickering, the porter at the stage-door, became his next object of attack. Charles was an old, surly, honest servant, and generally wore a strong oak cudgel, which, being lame, answered the purpose of support as well as defence. The passage, or lobby, in which the old man sat as guard, to prevent the entrance of improper persons behind the scenes, was secured by a strong *half* door, bolted on the inside, and over the top of which every one must proclaim their business before they could obtain admittance.

Now Mathews was particularly well known to the old man, who had often received pecuniary marks of his favour ; yet, from a slight transformation, his

usual appearance was so altered, that when Mathews put his face over the door, and demanded admission, Charles knew him not, but inquired his business.

“ My name is Pennyman; I have taken the centre box, and want to see the rehearsal.”

“ I do’nt care what your name is; you must not come in here, so take your ugly mug away.”

After some words, Mathews made an attempt to open the door, by endeavouring to reach the bolt over the top of it; upon this the old man aimed a blow at his arm with his oaken cudgel, which, had not Mathews speedily withdrawn, the consequence might have been serious. He then walked off, and slyly took an opportunity, whilst the Box-keeper, for a moment went out of the office, to slip, once more, into the Boxes, from thence on to the stage, and unperceived seated himself in the green-room.

Four or five ladies soon entered, and finding a strange looking person busily

employed cutting his finger-nails with a small pair of scissors, nearly close to his nose, and squinting most abominably, caused a humourous tittering sensation among the females, upon which, in a nasal kind of discordant voice, he seriously admonished them, for their impolite conduct. "He was a gentleman; his name Pennyman, and he had taken the centre box." This produced a still more laughable effect, which unable to restrain, they one and all left the room, and meeting Mr. Young in the lobby, related the story, which he soon improved by informing them, that "This must be that strange-looking gentleman, Mr. Pennyman, who had taken the centre box, and had just been fighting a dog and cat in it, "He must not be permitted to remain in the green-room, that is certain," continued he, and running immediately to the old door-keeper, "How is this, Charles, you have let a strange gentleman behind the scenes, who says his name is Pennyman, and for which he has given you half-a-

crown?" The old man, who piqued himself much on his honour and independence, as may be supposed, became highly exasperated, and nearly gave Mr. Young the lie, who coolly replied, "Don't be in a passion, honest Charles, go and convince yourself, for there he sits in the green-room." "Does he? by G—" replied the old man, grasping his cudgel, "I'll have him out; he was here just now, but I sent him packing." He now hobbled towards the green-room vowing vengeance, but fearing consequences, Young stopped him, "Charles, you must not take your stick; Mr. Pennyman is a gentleman, and must be treated as such; he will doubtless leave the theatre without violence, if required."

With much intreaty the stick was resigned, and the old man left at full liberty to remove Mr. Pennyman as well as he could. Accordingly the green-room door opened and Charles made his appearance, followed by Mr. Young, rubbing his hands, and hugging himself in eager ex-

pectation of the coming" fun; but the old man not being over quick sighted, reconnoitered for some time, at last espying his object in the further corner of the room, he hobbled up to him; and having been persuaded to proceed civilly, though much against his natural disposition, took off his hat, and inquired, "Pray, sir, what business have you here?" "And pray, sir, what is that to you?"

This abrupt reply, attended with a most horrible squint, settled the business at once, and without further ceremony, Mr. Pennyman was seized by the collar, and dragged with all the old man's might and main towards the door, pretending to struggle, and calling for help.

The secret had by this time got wind, and most of the company were up to the deception, which being so inimitably acted by Mathews, became a rich treat, that every one seemed to enjoy with enthusiasm.

The thing had now nearly approached a climax, and, as all dramatic representa-

tions ought to wind up, the richest and best scene was left for the last.

The old door-keeper, Charles, and his wife, had for many years resided in a cellar beneath the Theatre, rent free, as a guard to the premises during the night, on account of which he was styled the *under-ground manager*, and the news being quickly conveyed down to the old woman, in the cellar below, that her husband was fighting in the green-room above, with all possible expedition, she made her appearance in the ring, just as Mr. Pennyman had placed himself in a grand pugilistic position, *A-la-Belcher*, before the astonished door-keeper, which caused a burst of laughter, for the whole company had now assembled; but it proved no laughing matter to the old woman, who perceiving her husband on the point of being attacked, ran in between the combatants, and received a feeble blow, meant for Mr. Pennyman, from the hands of her husband, which so roused the old lady's choler, not being

aware of the mistake, that she returned it with interest upon the head of her dear beloved, whilst Mr. Pennyman seized this opportunity to make his escape, which the old man observing, broke off hostilities with his wife, and hobbled after him as fast as he could, calling, "Stop thief."

There is a long lobby from the green-room, which at that time terminated on one side by a staircase leading down to the old man's cellar, and on the other by *Clæcina's* palace. Near the latter stood a donkey, borrowed for a riding epilogue, to be spoken that evening, by Mr. Munden, being his benefit, and the poor animal stood quietly eating a lock of hay.

Now Mathews, in his precipitate retreat, the lobby being rather dark, came in contact with poor Neddy, and to get him out of the way, shoved him into the palace, and closed the door, which having a spring-lock, fastened on the inside, so that the poor ass was now incarcerated

without the possibility of being released, but by the blacksmith or the carpenter.

All this was done in a moment, and our hero found a secure retreat in some of the dark recesses beneath the stage.—The old man now came puffing and blowing, just time enough to hear the door clap, and of course concluded that his opponent had taken shelter within the walls of the palace, therefore, seating himself on the stairs opposite the door, he sent for his stick, and swore he would not remove till he made the scoundrel repent his conduct.

This might be called a chance hoax, or accidental incident, by which *all* were deceived; and Mr. Pennyman was supposed, by every one, to have taken shelter with *Clæcina*, for the old man positively asserted, that he saw him go in and clap the door.

For near an hour, the old man kept close watch, but no one came out, although he said he often heard footsteps within.

Mr. Knight, the Manager, in conjunc-

tion with Mr. Lewis, two of the best actors, and most gentlemenly and well-informed men in the kingdom, was a methodical character, in his mode of speaking, as well as in his Dramatic performance, and all the concerns of life. He was fond of argument, and it was immaterial which side of a subject he espoused; his skill, in the art of sophistry, was sure, in the end, to confuse, if it did not convince his adversary. He was a valetudinarian, and temperance was his motto; regularity his strict rule, and the least deviation from his usual praiseworthy habits, deranged the economy of his whole system.

CHAP. V.

Regular as the clock struck twelve each morning, Manager Mr. Knight slowly marched down the aforesaid lobby towards the palace of the goddess; but on this day, having been thrown by business a little beyond his usual time, his steps were observed to be somewhat quicker, and finding the old porter seated on the stairs opposite the palace, and the door closed, he of course inquired what business brought him there, to which the old man, in his blunt way, replied, "Sir, here is a squinting scoundrel, that calls himself Mr. Pennyman, who has been fighting dogs and cats in the boxes, and by some means found his way into the green-room, and kicked up *such* a row; but I soon made him run from thence,

and he has now shut himself up in that there place," pointing towards the palace door, "but I have got my stick, and, d—n him, he shall feel it when he comes out."

The Manager, although his sensations were not over pleasant, being in, what is vulgarly called, a sort of *quandary*, could not avoid smiling at the old man's reply, for being himself a great admirer of Mathews' uncommon talent, and having often witnessed the exploits of Mr. Pennyman, thought he had fathomed the deception at once, and advancing towards the door, replied, "Come, come, I'll settle this business in a short time; *the fact is*, I'm up to the whole concern." Then, with three gentle taps on the door, he thus addressed his supposed friend, "Mathews, my good fellow, let me request you will decline Mr. Pennyman for a few moments, to make room for business of a much more urgent and necessary nature."

After a considerable pause, with some-

what more energy, he thus proceeded, "My dear Mathews, *the fact is*, I must insist upon your opening the door, for though I enjoy your Pennyman at proper times, no man more, but I must say, I do not approve of these frequent interruptions given to the business of my Theatre, and I'll tell you why. The fact is, ours is but a bread and cheese scheme, and without proper attention to the business of the drama, even the overwhelming combination of talent, that I am happy to say, we now possess, will be useless."

After this strong appeal, receiving no reply, the manager, from various causes, became more urgent, and applying his foot with considerable force against the door, so alarmed poor *Neddy* within, that a loud and most hideous *bray* was the immediate consequence.

One would naturally suppose, that this would have been a convincing proof of the mistake they laboured under, but on the contrary it served rather to confirm their opinions, that Mathews was within,

which the manager's reply to the *braying* proved, "Very good, very good, indeed, Mathews, I never heard you give a closer imitation; but it won't do, *the fact is*, the door must be opened, and that instantly, or I shall send for a carpenter."

It so happened, that Munden, for cogent reasons, best known to himself, happened to perambulate the lobby, finding the manager, the old porter, and others, about the *palace*, who informed him, that Mathews was within, placed his mouth to the crevice of the door, "I say Charles, my dear boy, Charles, if you have any bowels, shew some compassion on mine?" No answer. "*My precious eyes*, this is not time for trifling, *sir*; break the door open, *sir*."—"Stop, stop, Mr. Munden, *the fact is*, we must not be too precipitate," lest we therein defeat the means, by which we wish to gain;" then applying his ear to the door, and hearing the sound of feet within—"I hear you, *sir*, and shall instantly order the door to be

forced open.”—“Shiver my timbers, *sir*, there’s two bloody thieves, within, *sir*; I’ll swear it on a book, *sir*, for I heard four feet moving, *shiver me, sir*.” “Two, did you say, friend Munden? *The fact is*, this is a most indelicate business, and must be explained, and *I’ll tell you why*; the credit of my Theatre is at stake.” Then placing his mouth to the door, he proceeded, “Whoever you are, that have thus indelicately conspired against my Theatre, whether *male* or *female*, for it is plain there are two of you, I must insist on your coming forth, this instant.” “My precious eyes, *sir*, break the door open. Shiver my timbers if I can stand it ten minutes longer, *sir*; the consequence may be fatal to us both, *sir*; then what will become of your bread and cheese scheme, *sir*?” “Stop, stop, I’ve a *crotchet* in my head—let us consult Mr. ———.” The acting manger was soon forth coming. “The fact is, my dear, *sir*, Mr. Mathews, under a mirthful im-

pulse, personates Mr. Pennyman, who, together with some other person, male or female, most indelicately occupies those premises, urgently called for by persons of some distinction in society, to whose solicitation he turns a deaf ear, or returns an answer, by imitating the braying of an ass. What do you think of this, Mr. ——— ?” “Think, sir, why I don’t believe a word of it. They must be *pumps*, indeed, who can believe Mathews is shut up in that perfume box, when he’s now rehearsing his part on the stage. Don’t waste your time there, sir, for there is no body within, you may depend upon it.” He then returned to his business on the stage, and the manager and the comedian were at a loss what to think; their ears had convinced them that two persons were inclosed, and old Charles swore that Mr. Pennyman, and not Mr. Mathews closed the door.

To end all disputes, the carpenter was called, and the curiosity of every one on tiptoe to witness the conclusion of

this strange adventure, whilst old Charles with uplifted cudgel stood determined to revenge the blow he had unintentionally given his wife.

The door was no sooner burst open, than out came poor *Neddy*, cantering up the lobby, highly rejoiced at being liberated, even from a palace.

It is impossible to express the astonishment and shagreen of the manager, at being thus deceived, whilst the ridiculous and most laughable cast of Munden's features, on viewing the donkey, rendered the mortification still greater, because the laugh became more general; but the wonderful power the manager possessed over his feelings, stifled an appearance of mortification, and shrugging up his shoulders with a forced smile, he exclaimed, "The fact is, Charles, Mathews turns out to be a jack-ass, after all."

Such was the high estimation Mathews' talent was held in, that many of the lookers on still suspected, that this was another transformation, and *Neddy*

underwent a close examination before his real title could be ascertained.

The reader, it is hoped, will pardon this long digression, which I have been led into, from an idea that it might be amusing, more especially to those who are, or have been, acquainted with the parties.

CHAP. VI.

The above narrative is founded on fact, but coloured a little by fancy, like a plain picture of antient date, improved by a modern artist, to render it more palatable to the taste of the times, or pleasing to the eye of general observation.

When his lordship had exhausted his budget of stories, in which he always stood corrected by his lady, who generally gave a direct negative to almost all his assertions, Mrs. M'Kinley, after feeding her little nose with a huge pinch of Lundyfoot, being fashed and irritated by his Lordship's muckle *lees*, as she afterwards called them, observed, " There's mare merit due tul them, who acknowledge themselves i' the wrong, than there is *tul* those that

wickedly persist i' what they ken to be untrue" "Your observation, Madam," replied her ladyship, "is very just — a *snuffy, sarcastic old humdrum*" —

Whilst these, and other observations passed, I observed his lordship cast a longing eye towards my friend *Cheery*, whose pious attention to his hymn-book, prevented his observing it, whilst his lordship, reaching his hand over the small table, and laying fast hold of *Cheery's* tail, in humble tones, as a person would solicit a pinch of snuff, exclaimed, "I'll thank you, sir, for your wig, if you please?"

It is impossible to picture the surprize and alarm visible in poor *Cheery's* countenance, at this application, whose mind was solacing on the *justice* and mercy of the Creator, in cursing the whole human race, for the fault of one—to be thus suddenly roused from such *evangelical* enjoyment to temporary torment, for the moment, bereft him of reason, and the last words of his hymn being uppermost in his mind, with a terrified look, he

vociferated, "And sink into the bottomless pit,"—whilst the horror visible in his countenance, seemed to indicate he thought he had already got there.

To restrain laughter was impossible—the *Holy Pope*—the *Holy Alliance*—the *Holy Inquisition*—and all the *Holy Hypocrites* that ever tyrannized over the weak minds, and picked the pockets of poor deluded mortals, had witnessed this scene they would have laughed too, if their malevolent souls would have permitted it.

This act of insanity was immediately interrupted by the butler, who being always at hand, instantly laid hold of his noble master's arm, and informed him that the gentleman did not wear a wig. As soon as he received the butler's information, he withdrew his hand, and liberated the worthy Cheery, who feeling for his little pig-tail was glad to find he still possessed this honourable appendage, and loyal safeguard, having, as he afterwards observed, proved his passport to the

Church-and-King's Club, and saved perhaps his life, when coming through the town of Manchester on the 16th of August, at the glorious battle of Peterloo, he passed through the valiant cavalry, who flourished their swords, but observing his pig-tail, swore he was a King's *mon*, by G—, and permitted him to pass unmolested.

The meek and humble Cheery, when his head became turnable, looked up for the aggressor, and seeing the butler nearest him, without fear or anger preceptible either in voice or countenance, gently inquired who it was that did that, to which the butler, in a low voice, replied, "It was the Lord's doings," which Cheery understanding in a more serious way, replied, with a sigh, "His will be done;" and re-opening his hymn-book, returned to the "bottomless pit," as though no such occurrence had taken place.

The passive acquiescence in all things pleasing or painful, that this amiable being had arrived at, partly from theological prejudices, imbibed, early in life, a dispo-

sition tremblingly alive to the most noble and generous feelings, an opinion that all mankind were better than himself, with a heart lately lacerated, and almost broken, by the greatest affliction that could possibly fall on a sensitive human being, and which no one can form a conception of but those who have experienced it—the loss of a dear and amiable wife, on whom next to his God, his sole of earthly happiness rested, had so softened and armed his mind against the impulse of irritation, so common to the natural man, that he had obtained an equanimity of temper, not to be moved by any common occurrences. Yet though apparently a stoic, his credulity, for he believed in all things according to St Paul, made him an easy prey to the arts of the designing, and had not his purse been a deep one he must soon have been brought to beggary; but possessing a fortune capable of supplying the amiable weaknesses of his mind, if they may be so called, he laboured on, with his usual exclamation of, “High ho!” taking up his

cross, and patiently, humbly, and resignedly, suffering for the fall, or disobedience of his first parents.

I should not take up so much of the reader's time, in describing this most singular and excellent character, were it not with a view to soften down those strong prejudices which exist among those, who are continually boasting of having extricated their minds from all such vulgar errors; and to prove, what long experience has convinced me of, that amongst those who are styled fanatics, there exist some of the best of human beings.

The wee nose of Mrs. M'Kinley, what with snuff and polishing, stood a chance of being nearly rubbed off, during this confusion, astonishment and alarm were visible in her countenance; first she gazed at the noble Lord, with half a smile, then at Cheery with anxiety, for she looked upon him as one of the *elec*, pre-ordained and chosen before the beginning of time; then casting an eye towards me, as much as to say, "What is all this? am I to laugh

or cry ?” However, when the butler had settled all things amicably, she observed, as a means, no doubt, of turning the general attention to a more pleasing subject, “ Yer Lordship’s dislike tul the ancient appendage, caw’d a wig, and the mistake it led ye intul the now, reminds me of ald Woolly Wallace, the half-blind piper, who couldna work his whostles, if a cat were nigh him, and when a jug of whiskey was placed on the buffett, “ Hiss, cat,” said he, and smashed it aw to pieces.” “ Oh yes, ma’am,” replied his Lordship, “ every person entertains certain propensities, called dislikes ; some can’t bear a harmless, necessary cat ; and Lord Monboddo, you remember, my lady, could not bear monkies, and said they were gentlemen with long tails.” “ No, my Lord, you mistake ; his Lordship said men were monkies without tails.” “ Oh yes, yes, my lady, you’re right ; monkies without tails ; aye, aye, that’s it, my lady, monkies without tails. We used

to call him, at College, Monkey Monboddo ; I remember it very well."

At the conclusion of this sentence, we were alarmed by a loud shriek from a female voice, followed by a noise, resembling what might be expected from a heavy weight falling on the floor, in the cabin adjoining. All hands were instantly on the spot, except Mrs. M'Kinley, whose lameness prevented her moving ; and there we beheld the worthy alderman, from the great city, sprawling on his back, in a state of senseless ebriety ; wig in one place, hat in another, whilst the spinster, supported by one of the stout " Camels," reclined, in a fainting posture."

The scene was rather ludicrous than alarming ; for it was difficult to feel much for the intoxicated voluptuary on the floor, and the spinster's violent emotions seemed, to me at least, to arise more from affectation than real alarm, and not being able to compass a fainting fit, recovered herself by degrees, but not

too precipitately, for she was in the arms of a young good looking Highlander, much more reviving than either salts or hartshorn to a spinster of fifty-six.—But the alderman—it was as much as the whole company, with the assistance of the athletic “Camels,” could do to place him erect on his side ; and as a grateful return for their trouble, the only words that could be understood were—“ Jackobins—hubble bubble—radicals—scoundrels.” &c.&c.

The spinster having recovered from the effects of the alderman’s fall, began to express her fears, lest he had received some injury ; for the blackness of one of his eyes seemed to betoken a severe blow ; but this was soon found to be artificial, for the little army tailor stood grinning in the corner, with a burnt cork in his hands. But, alas ! this ill-fated member of the *corpo* was soon deserted by the whole party, and left to sit still, or tumble off his seat again as he chose ; even the spinster, fond of per-

fumes as she was, and the mob-orator, who had adjusted himself into a proper attitude to begin a speech, on the evil effects of intoxication, found his mouth suddenly closed, and made a quick retreat. Not one could remain, for the air that supplied the means of respiration in the cabin, became saturated with a non-odoriferous scent, making so strong an attack on the olfactory nerves, that a change of atmosphere became absolutely necessary to escape notice.

The steward of the Packet now took the alderman under his care, and with the assistance of the crew, removed him to a private part of the vessel, where the visual or the nasal organs of the passengers might rest secure from further unpleasant attacks. But the little army agent could not restrain his joy at his fellow townsman's discomfiture, running about the deck with his handkerchief to his face, exclaiming, "Oh, the smalls!-- who's got any snuff?—I would not take

measure of the beast for a pair of smalls, for a hundred pounds.”

In the confusion below stairs, his lordship had taken Cheery's broad brimmed hat, and walked about the deck with it, not seeming to be aware of the mistake ; and it was truly ridiculous to observe Cheery at the further end of the vessel, inquiring if any one, by mistake, had taken a wrong hat ; for the sun was intensely hot, rendering it impossible to go without some covering to the head ; however, the mistake was soon discovered, and an exchange took place, through the interference of the butler, who, as I before observed, was always at hand to rectify any mistake his noble master might happen to fall into.

CHAP. VII.

As his lordship generally attached a topsy-turvey story full of blunders and mistakes to every little circumstance that happened, always corrected by his lady, he observed, when he returned Cheery's broad brimmed hat, "This hat reminds me, my lady, of the Marquis of Sligo; you remember he always wore a remarkable shabby round hat; one day he called out to me," "Larceney," said he, "Sligo," said I, "I'll exchange hats with you," said he, "That would be a *Sly-go*, indeed, my lord," said I. This caused a laugh, you may think, for his hat had broad brims like this, and was not worth sixpence." "Your lordship mistakes; it was not a round, but a cocked hat." "Cocked, eh?—I believe you are

right, my lady. Oh, yes, I remember, it was a small cocked hat, equal at all sides, a sort of three-cornered finger-post. Yes, yes, we used to call him *finger-post Sligo* at College."

We had now arrived within sight of the charming town of Inverary, and had made a passage of near forty miles on one beautiful loch, or lake, called Loch-fine. The cloud-capped hills that surrounded it; the delightful diversity of scenery that fed the eye, as we passed along, succeeding each other, and forming a moving panorama—that for sublime grandeur surpasses all power of description, frequently raised my mind above all sublunary objects, and led me most sincerely to join the worthy Cheery, when he clasped hands, and with a grateful look and a sigh, for he seldom spoke without one, exclaimed, "God be praised!"

The village of Inverary, for it is but a village, in my opinion is delightfully situated near the termination of the loch,

and forty miles from Glasgow, surrounded by immense hills on every side.— Within less than a quarter of a mile, in the midst of abundant foliage and pleasure grounds, or as they are termed in Scotland, for what reason I know not, policies, stands the duke of Argyle's palace, an elegant and most eccentric building, in form resembling a shop tea-cannister.

We now prepared to land, and the pibroch's yell, though it did not reach Dunkeld, made every street in the little town of Inverary echo with the efforts of the brawney piper; and I sincerely believe every one, not biassed by national prejudice, wished this noisy Highlander any where else.

Shylock says "Some, when the bagpipes squeaks ith nose, can't contain their urine;" so it happened with Skye and Mull, the poodles, for one of them lifted up its leg, and bedewed her ladyship's white silk stockings with a plentiful warm discharge, that sent her noble blood

into her noble countenance, whilst her eye bespoke a thousand curses on the little animal, although prudence contracted them to one.

“I dunna ken how to apologize tul yer ladyship for the muckle skathe the wee doggy has made wi’ yer hose ; I would we were i’ a toon where sic things were to be purchased ; it would gar me muckle gladness to make amends wi’ a new pair.”

“Don’t mention, my dear madam—poor beautiful little creature—*d—n him.*”

As it was necessary, owing to the shallowness of water, which prevented the packet from coming near the shore, to employ a small boat to land the passengers, some time elapsed ere this could be accomplished, owing to the difficulty that occurred in lowering the fat alderman into it, who still remained in a state of brutal insensibility, and the worthy Mrs. M’Kinley’s lameness rendering great care and attention necessary ; however, in about half an hour we found ourselves

safely landed, and comfortably situated by the fireside of a most excellent inn.

This enchanting place had, for many summers past, through the convenience of steam-packets, proved a source of considerable attraction throughout the country, and provisions were provided in ample abundance; the cook too, was an English woman. These advantages, together with the attention and civility experienced from the landlady, led us to hope for considerable comfort during our short stay, and in this we were not much disappointed.

Mrs. M'Kinley occupied a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, and seemed happy, if one might judge from the quantity of snuff with which she fed her little nose. Young Callaghaduggan, with his usual flow of spirits, began to waltz with the army tailor, and the excellent but grateful Cheery, drew close to the fire, exclaiming, as he warmed his hands, "High ho! we have much to be thankful for." "Yer right, sir, anc canna be over

grateful for the muckle boonties and bennisons Providence bestows on wicked sinners; but what have they done with that huge mountain of voluptuous depravity frae the great toon?" inquired the old lady, to which his fellow-townsmen replied, "Vhy, ma'am, I be'ant sure that he's not in the stable, for I heard a noise as I passed, that I am sure was either him or a pig." The entrance of Murtoch, with his mistress's luggage, put an end to inquiry, by informing us that the alderman lay stretched on a kind of wooden sofa, that stood in the servants' hall; that Lord and Lady Larceny had engaged a private room; that the spinster had taken a cheap lodging, at a huxter's shop; that the mob orator was haranguing the hostler, chaise-boys, and servants in the kitchen, on the Rights of Man, and Reform in Parliament, and the "Camels" were all scattered amongst their friends in the town, and thus Murtoch disposed of all the passengers.

A cup of excellent tea, ham, eggs, mar-

moled and Finland haddy, made sociability more social; and after the worthy Mrs. M'Kinley had said Grace, over the tea-cups and saucers, and Cheery sighed out *Amen*, each partook of this pleasant meal, the enjoyment of which is seldom followed by repentance or remorse, and instead of stupifying and rendering the mind weak and nervous, fits them more for immediate use and active service. I have often experienced, that the soul seems more at liberty to exert its noble faculties after this reviving beverage than at any other time.

Gratitude and humility were predominant features in the minds of both Cheery and Mrs. M'Kinley; but the latter virtue in Mrs. M'Kinley was not at all times perceptible, for as she often observed, irritability of disposition was her besetting sin; however, though they differed in dispositions and in faith, one being a disciple of the credulous John Wesley, and the other of the *humane* Calvin, yet their grateful and pious orisons were not the

less sincere, when they jointly returned thanks to Providence for blessings already received, or on the point of being so.

With this heavenly mode of thinking, when our pleasant meal was ended, after supplying her wee nose with a huge pinch of Lundy-foot, she returned thanks in as near the following words as I can recollect:—

“ Oh thou, wha kens the wants o’ thy sinfu craters, mare than they do themselves, and showers doon muckle bennisons on puir undeserving mortals, gar us to be gratefu, and fix thy dwelling *ben* i’ our hearts, whilst the de’il trunkles *butt*, rooted awn by the hetherbells o’ blooming faith, and may grace, gratitude, and brotherly love be circulated throughout the whole human race.”

To a mind capable of serious thought, there is something awfully impressive in prayer, made by those whom we know to be sincere, whose conduct is consistent with the principles they profess, however

they may differ from our own ; and when Cheery, with unusual warmth, reiterated “ Amen ! Amen ! ” I most sincerely joined him, though I doubted his knowledge of the Scotch idiom sufficiently to comprehend what the old lady meant.

This good soul, although he always kept a single eye towards his spiritual interest, yet, well knowing that temporal comforts were necessary articles in the list of domestic arrangements for the evening, and without saying a word to any one, left the room in pursuit of the chamber-maid.

CHAP. VIII.

He had not been away more than five minutes, when the waiter came to inform us that a grand dramatic performance would take place that evening, in their barn, for the benefit of wee, alias little Sally.

And so many passengers having arrived in the packet, who were not apprised of this mental treat, the manager thought it his duty to wait on the visitors, to announce the performance, and request their attendance, for which purpose he was now at the door, and solicited an audience.

“By all means! by all means!” exclaimed young Callaghaduggan, and the army tailor joined him, rubbing his hands, in hopes, as he said, “to see something

funny," whilst Mrs. M'Kinley, slowly and seriously placing her hand upon her snuff-box, without attempting to open it, with a serious eye of spiritual confidence, and sanctified certainty, observed:

"My gude friends, *do ye ken*, what yer *aboot* to do?—I am sure Mr. Romney will pardon my words, for he must be well assured they arise from a correct and sincere feeling for the eternal welfare of ye aw."

I bowed assent, and she proceeded, "With what face can ye, as members of a Christian community, connive, promote, or encourage the *acting* of stage plays, where our unthinking and lost fellow-creatures perform the parts of deceivers, and pretend to be what they are not?—Who personify the muckle arch fiend, and *aw* the Imps i' his infernal dwelling, when the unregenerate i' mind and morals are lured and entrapt by the servants o' sin, and the vicegerents o' the de'il, to look upon crime as not

criminal, and on virtue as an unnatural check to the indulgence o' vicious propensities; oh! let me advise ye to come out fra amongst them. Indeed, it is matter o' muckle wonder, and gars me tul great astonishment, that these stage plays are permitted by the Inverary Kirk Elders."

The reader will recollect the very great antipathy Mr. Callaghaduggan had, from a just cause, taken against the very name of Elder, not that he was illiberal enough to condemn a body of people, for the faults of a few; nevertheless, although, through the discovery of his son, his mind had undergone a salutary change, still the title of the elder, grated in his ear; and rising somewhat precipitately, he mildly held out his hand,—
“Dear sister, let me request you will not proceed so imprudently and illiberally, on a subject you are so totally unacquainted with; I know, from experience, that theological prejudices, imbibed early in life, however erroneous or absurd, are

difficult to eradicate; yet I trust, the known general good feeling that you profess for the welfare of all the human race, will lead you to think more properly of the goodness and justice of that Being to whom we are indebted for our existence; and every comfort we enjoy, than to suppose for a moment that *any* of his creatures are lost, as you and I have been taught to believe by those malevolent elders, or that the innocent and instructing representation of a play, wherein various scenes of life are portrayed with useful effect, in which lovely virtue is rewarded, and vice punished and despised, as criminal to encourage—I say, my dear Edith, I could wish you to throw off the film of fanaticism from the mental vision of your amiable mind, and not be quite so ready to consign to destruction every one who differs from you in opinion; for I know it is not consonant with the feelings of your heart.”

He then rang the bell, and the manager made his appearance.

But what was my astonishment, when in the person of this general of the dramatic forces, at Inverary, I beheld Mr. O'Scroggins, the exalted comedian, and his cat, in the attics of Edinburgh.

As I had not yet taken off my large plaid cloak, I immediately huddled it over my face, to conceal myself from notice, not from any fear of shame at the recognition of a poor acquaintance, God forbid! but from a strong curiosity to witness the conduct of this eccentric being and its effect on the company.

He was now dressed in a decent suit of sables, and from his thin visage and dark hair, had he possessed the theological squint, called by some the swivel eye of sanctity, might have passed for a fanatical preacher; and amongst the thousands of reverends that are daily pasted against our walls in every town for subscription sermons, the reverend Mr. O'Scroggins might have popped his nose into better bread, and less work, than play-acting.

With a most reverential bow, hat in

one hand, written play-bill in the other, the Inverary manager advanced, and thus addressed the company:—

“ ‘Most potent, grave, and Reverend Seigniors,’ — Ladies and gentlemen, I mean—dear me—I crave pardon, it is as difficult for me to keep out of the shop, as it is for a lawyer to plead without his fee, or parson preach, unless he has paid for it. An appropriate quotation from the immortal bard, is continually at my tongue’s end; pardon my boldness, ladies and gentlemen, I am the unfortunate manager of the Theatre in this miserable place. ‘ ’Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis true.’ Dear me, I can’t help it; to-night, the superb, historical, tragical, musical spectacle, called *Pizarro*, will be brought forward in a style quite different from any thing ever seen before—ladies and gentlemen ‘You are right welcome to Denmark,’—there again now—to Inverary I would say—I solicit your patronage and support.—Doors open at seven, begin exactly at eight; Pit, one

shilling, Gallery, sixpence, no half-price will be taken, as it is for the benefit of little Sally.—*Vivant Rex et regina.*”

He was making his bow to retire, when young Callaghaduggan entered hastily, and having learned the manager's business before he came in, with his usual glee, clapped him on the back with, “Ha, how did you come?” Upon which the manager replied, “The same way I'm going, sir.”—Then holding himself in a pompous attitude, he continued—

“Come in, kind sirs, and see our splendid play,
Then to supper with what appetite you may.”

The manager's address, with the couplet at his exit, had a mirthful effect upon the whole company—the army tailor *woud*, if the rest of the actors were as comical as the manager, he would not miss the play for the *world*; even Mrs. M'Kinley smiled, as she archly observed, “I'm thinking that's a daff chield o' Satan.”—“Neither one nor the other,” said her brother, “I pity the poor man; he is

a clever eccentric being, and I'll obey his summons."—"And if I don't," exclaimed the young one, "I'll be ——" "Stop, stop, Sandy, what will ye be?"—"a Dutchman, aunt—all regular, you know; but the best of the joke is," continued he, "yer friend Mr. Cheery is by this time seated piously in the Play-house, conceiving it to be a methodist meeting; he heard the chorous singing in *Pizarro*, as we crossed through the yard behind the Inn, and asked me what kind of persuasion they were of, and I—now don't be angry, my dear aunt—being fond of an innocent hoax, all regular, you know, replied they are Inverary Ranters, collecting money for the conversion of the Hottentots, at the Cape of Good Hope.—This was quite enough, and feeling for his little hymn-book, away he goes forthwith, and placing two shillings in the man's hand, at the door, for the Hottentot subscription, walked into the pit with all the piety imaginable, and there he is, at this moment, twisting his

thumbs, and turning up his eyes like a duck in thunder."

"You are wrong, my boy, you are wrong," observed his father, with a more serious countenance, "theological opinions are, of all others, the most near, and the most dear to the minds of those who sincerely profess them, and, however they may differ from our own, ought not to be turned into ridicule; the worthy Mr. Cheery, you know, is sincere, and I am sorry you have deceived him, thereby, perhaps, creating a painful feeling in a good heart. It is most probable, he never entered the doors of a Theatre in his life, or ever read a dramatic work."

"A state of happy ignorance," interrupted Mrs. M'Kinley.

"Sister, I tell you again, I do not think so; and although I trust I shall never unwillingly hurt the feelings, disturb the worship, however absurd, or turn into derision the faith of good and serious people; yet, from my soul, I despise the narrow-minded policy of fana-

tical preachers, who, to keep their flocks in ignorance, that they may shear them the closer, preclude the most effective mode of instruction, which, in my opinion, arises from a well regulated Drama; but come, Mr. Romney, let us go and undeceive your worthy friend.

Although I was decidedly of his opinion, I must confess, much as I revered the good soul, Cheery, I felt a lurking remnant of mischief in my mind, which prompted mirth more than melancholy; and although I respect the opinions of good people of every denomination, I followed the group, with the expectation of receiving more amusement from Cheery's mistake, than from the performance of Pizarro, any where, indeed, but more particularly in a barn.

“All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players—and one man, in his time, plays many parts,” &c.

How appropriate, thought I, are these beautiful lines of the great bard's to this night's performance, for the full drama

of Pizarro was supported by four men and two women only ; and by the quick change of an outward garment, the handy Mr. O'Scroggins was enabled to personate five different characters that evening.

CHAP. IX.

The little army contractor, the two Callaghaduggans, and myself, now entered the barn, and soon discovered Cheery's pig-tail, and powdered pate, seated in the middle of the pit; for as he considered this as a religious meeting, he was uncovered, though most of the company wore their hats.

The entrance of the Priest of the Sun, dressed in his pontifical robes, such as they were, convinced the credulous Cheery that he was right in his conjectures, and when the Priest began the Peruvian hymn, he was still more confirmed in his opinion, and took out his little book, conceiving he recollected something like it, in John Wesley's hymns.

It seemed as if mistake was the order

of the day, or rather the order of the night, for the singing and shouting of the Peruvians having awakened the fat alderman, whose sleeping place, the servants' hall, was nearer the barn than any other part of the house, and the door being often opened, the sound came strong on his ear, and he arose in some alarm, conceiving a radical meeting had taken place in the neighbourhood. He accordingly roared out, "Waiter!—that is—blethera wethera—I say—what's all that?"—"Why, sir, the Patriots in Peru are shouting at the speech of Rolla for liberty!" "Are they? I'll speechify the radical rascals." He then waddled towards the barn, foaming and threatening another Peterloo business, if they did not desist, and was proceeding with all expedition into the pit without noticing the door-keeper, when he was called back, to the receipt of customs, and one shilling demanded for admittance; this he refused, highly indignant, as an insult to his title as alderman, and his capacity

as a magistrate, and threatening vengeance for demanding money at a radical meeting; but as passion rendered him still more inarticulate, it was impossible to make out what he meant to say, except every now and then—jackobins—disaffected rebels—and in spite of all resistance, he found his way into the house without paying. The noise he made in the lobby awakened attention, and when he entered the pit every eye was on him, and every cheek bore testimony of the whimsical figure he cut, with his wig and hat in one hand, whilst the other was busily employed in drying up the copious moisture that stood in big drops on every pore of his bare pate.

Finding, perhaps, fifty people seated quietly in the pit, instead of a set of roaring radicals, he could not tell what to make of it, but concluded they were hatching something diabolically disloyal. He determined to put them to the test, and accordingly striking his breast, with some force, he began to sing, or rather

roar, till his face became the colour and shape of a china ornge—"God save great George our King! —I say—that is—hubble bubble—God save great George our King!" Not being able to proceed, he looked round for assistance, but meeting with none, whilst the laugh increased, he foamed with passion, and stamping his foot violently on the ground, and holding up his fist in a menacing attitude, exclaimed, "God save the King! I say."—Upon which Cheery, feeling himself sincerely hurt at the alderman's rude conduct in a religious assembly, began, "High ho!—It is painful to me, brethren, to address a congregation, whose religious opinions I am unacquainted with—report says you go under the title of Inverary Ranters—he it so—your worship ought not to be interrupted, let your opinions be what they will. We are told that wine, in moderation, is good for the stomach's sake; but we know, when taken to excess, it breaks down the doors of devotion, and lets the devil into the

mansion of the mind. I, therefore, caution that voluptuous sinner, from the great city, who has passed most of this blessed day in beastly inebriety, if he has any, to attend to the more serious calls of conscience, for we are told"—“ You be d—d,” interrupted the alderman—“ blethera wetheras—who cares what you are told—hubble bubble—radicals—I say, sing God save the King.”

The re-entrance of the Priest of the Sun, for a moment, put a stop to the contest, though neither Cheery nor the alderman could conceive what they were at; but when fire came down and produced a flame on the Peruvian altarpiece, the alderman could no longer contain himself, considering this to be a radical experiment, a sort of gun-powder plot rehearsal, whereby, probably, the capital was to be burnt to the ground, or some other timber catastrophe. Fired with the patriotic zeal of a Sidmouth, an Eldon, a Pitt, or a Castlereagh, pointing to the Priest on the stage, he splut-

tered out, "Disperse him, I say—disperse me, that man."—

The violent laughter that this strange scene occasioned, proved matter of great offence to the august member of the corporate body, which the little pantaloon manufacturer did all in his power to increase; and the noise and confusion became so great, that the manager, no less a person than the singular individual, Mr. O'Scroggins, half-dressed for *Rolla*, having personated three parts already, made his appearance, bowed and scraped, placed his hand to his breast, in token of immense feeling, and at last obtained a hearing.

The reader will keep in mind, that it was difficult for this poor enthusiastic actor to utter a sentence, without a quotation from a play, sometimes appropriate, and sometimes not.

"For rhetoric he could not hope,
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

Having obtained silence,—“Ladies

and gentlemen, when Roscius was an actor in Rome, then every actor rode upon his ass, but now, ladies and gentlemen, an actor cannot keep an ass, nor a horse, nor himself either, unless favoured by your attention, which, if we are not to be honoured with, it will be impossible to go on with the play."

"The Play!" repeated Cheery, pale and trembling, "Why surely—dear me—pray, sir, is this a play-house?"

The person who sat next him replied in the affirmative, upon which, in one moment, his broad brimmed hat was on his head, and he left the place as precipitately as a man would run from a house on fire, and without waiting on the ladies, ran into his bed-room, and closed the door for the evening.

Now the intelligence communicated by Mr. O'Scroggins, that what the alderman had mistaken for a radical meeting, was a dramatical performance, of which, by the bye, he knew almost as little as Cheery, caused him to draw in

his loyal horns, and standing upon his seat, he endeavoured to make an apology for the disturbance he had created, a few words of which only were intelligible.

“Gentlemen—give me leave—blethera wether—*that is—as a body may say—hubble bubble—ten thousand pardons—sound men, and hubble bubble—that’s your sort—King George for ever—three times three—hip, hip, hip,—hubble bubble.*”

His mistake and loyal intention being now fully understood, the audience rose and joined him in his hips, and hubble bubbles, and the performance proceeded without further interruption.

It would have been absurd to expect any thing like the play of Pizarro, from such a company, and in such a place; indeed, it was astonishing to see a play of any kind in the Highlands of Scotland, where the bigotry of the people is so strong as to lead them, or more properly speaking, they are led by the Priests, to look upon dramatic performances as anti-

Christ, the pope, the scarlet whore, of Babylon, with all the old cant, by which the pockets of the people are picked, day after day, and year after year.

A very good pun, or a very bad one, is agreeable enough, but a middling thing affords little amusement. The same feeling governs the well informed mind, with regard to dramatic performances. A good play, well performed, is an intellectual feast; a middling one creates ennui, but a really bad one becomes irresistibly laughable, and the murderer of Shakspeare's tragedy produces much comic effect.

This evening's exhibition fulfilled the latter conclusion; for most certainly, to find out what they were at, or what play it was, they were representing, would have puzzled the oldest performer on the stage.—The talent of Mr. O'Scroggins for quoting, was this evening in continual requisition, for the parts he represented were composed of speeches from various plays—Hamlet, Douglas, Macbeth, Jane Shore, Othello, &c. &c. &c. just as he

could lug them in headlong, to fill up the time.

For instance, Orozimbo, a Peruvian prisoner, is interrogated by Pizzaro, "How numerous is your army?" The reply is, "count the leaves in yonder forest." Instead of which, O'Scroggins, in a most pompous manner, began—"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, nay, even the great globe itself, shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

This was received with great applause by the audience, who knew as little of the play as the actor.

This dramatic performance, if it could be called one, being over, the next exhibition was a song, by *little Sally*, a name, we understood, she had obtained from singing the ballad of "Sally in our Alley." As there was no orchestra, because there was no music, except the bagpipes, if they merit that title, the audience were, of course, close to the stage, and when

the bell was rung, or rather a tin candlestick struck with a key, to draw up the curtain, for Sally's song, the lady, always choosing to be discovered in a striking attitude, happening to stand too near the curtain, her clothes became entangled, and her lower habiliments ascended with the curtain, at least a foot from the stage, before her screams put a stop to it, affording a display of two enormous bandy legs, to the great amusement of the audience, who, when the curtain precipitately dropped, vociferated encore ! encore !

Ladies there were few, yet the few held down their heads, and seemed to feel much for the unfortunate situation of the female on the stage.

Again the curtain rose, and little Sally maintained her favourite attitude, seemingly not in the least disconcerted by the late disaster ; for the favour she had gained with the audience, by singing her favourite ballad, amply compensated for the unevenness of her supporters ; and it must be confessed she executed the sweet

ballad with much taste and a pleasing voice. But what was my astonishment, instead of a person of a small size, answering the title of little Sally, to behold that vociferous person of immense dimensions, whom Mr. O'Scroggins, in his attics, in Edinburgh, applied to for a chair, and dressed, as he said, in the next room, the individual Mrs. Godolphin, well formed, indeed, as she said, to fill the heavy line of business.

CHAP. X.

We were informed that this lady, and Mr. O'Scroggins, had the management of the company between them; and whether Mrs. Godolphin dressed in the next room, as at Edinburgh, or had now changed her apartment, was a matter the public were unacquainted with, nor did it seem to concern them.

As we were on the point of leaving the Theatre, not intending to remain during the farce, Mr. O'Scroggins came forward to announce the performance for the ensuing evening, or, as it is theatrically termed, "Giving out the play;" and here, as usual, a quotation from the great bard was almost the first thing we heard. "Ladies and gentlemen, on Wednesday next, we mean—to hold as 'twere a

mirror up to nature,' in that admirable play, called 'A new way to pay old debts,' and a farce, written by a gentleman learned in the law, called 'The Insolvent Act, or Whitewashing,' for the benefit of a person, who has committed the never-to-be-forgiven sin of being poor, and labours under the foul suspicion of having contracted debts he is unable, without your assistance, to pay—and that person, ladies and gentlemen, is your most obedient, very humble servant, Tiberius O'Scroggins."

"He's a queer fish," said the army contractor, as we walked through the yard towards the Inn. "Why yes," replied Callaghaduggan, he is a unique; the man's spirits and his poverty seem to keep pace with each other; I should think his mental sensations could not be very acute; for that man, who could make a jest of his own sufferings, cannot, one would think, feel much for the distresses of others. However, when I informed him of the strong feelings he

evinced for the loss of his wife, and the affection he shewed for his poor cat, he changed his opinion.

“ Sir, I must confess mine was a wrong and hasty conclusion; it is unfair, nay, unjust, to form opinions from appearances only; ’tis evident, from what you say, the man has a good heart, and distress seems to be entailed upon such beings—would it were in my power to serve him.”

“ I’ll perform Goldfinch for his benefit, *forthwith*,”—“ That’s your sort.” “ All regular, sir; the barn will be full; I’m perfect in the road to ruin.”

This produced a smile on the old gentleman’s countenance, and he observed, “ Could you not, Mr. Romney, invite this singular man to supper this evening? your friend Cheery, we are told, is gone to bed, and my dear sister, bigoted, as she is, has too good a heart to refuse her aid to a fellow creature in distress, be his profession what it will.

To say I felt no pleasure in being thus

the medium of conveying glad tidings to a poor lost veteran, of the sock and buskin, would be to assert what was false, and if true, would lower me in the estimation of my readers, and render me contemptible to myself. But, however, as self will always be foremost, I must say the last words of the worthy Callaghaduggan. "A fellow creature in distress," awakèned a selfish feeling in my breast, that seemed to ask, Am not I in a similar state? then taking out my little red book, I found its contents reduced to two solitary pound notes, and the Cottage stood in need of pecuniary comfort.—This brought on a strain of melancholy thoughts, and as I sauntered towards the Theatre, with the invitation to the manager, I felt the rat of unpleasant reflection again gnawing about the region of acute feeling, called the heart, in behalf of her who was dearer to me than all the riches, pleasures, and comforts, that this world could bestow. Full of these reflections, and in deep thought, my nose nearly came

in contact with the top button of the manager's coat, who having finished his part, was returning for the evening to his peaceful domicile. The darkness of the night prevented mutual observation, and not understanding this abrupt encounter, he exclaimed—"Who goes there?"—To which I replied, "A friend and liege man to the Dean,"

This was meat and drink to poor Scroggins, who, though pleased, was at a loss to conceive how, in the Highlands of Scotland, any one could be prepared with so apt a quotation from his favorite bard; and to carry on the scene, he continued, "Come ye to beard us in Denmark?"—Before I could reply, I heard some one come up, and whisper in his ear, "Four pounds six and sixpence; half price five shillings.—I have shared three and sixpence."

This was no less a personage than Mrs. Godolophin, who having received from the door-keeper four pounds six and sixpence, the amount of the night's receipts, together with five shillings for half price,

out of which she had shared to each performer three and sixpence.

This interesting intelligence did not withdraw his attention from me, and he repeated his last words, "Come ye to beard us in Denmark?" To which I answered, taking him gently by the arm, "And now, sir, to supper with what appetite you may."

Still he knew me not; but the lady had better ears, and better eyes than the manager, for clapping her hands, she roared out,—“Ah! by the powers, its the gentleman that came up four flights of steps to visit the dirty dwelling in the cock-loft, in Edinburgh, and brought a mighty welcome Godsend, in the shape of a five-pound note, when we had not a marvady, or a murphy to put on the peat. Ah, may St. Patrick bless ye, bless ye, wid plenty yourself, and something to spare for odders, that ye may receive the best of all benedictions—the blessings of the poor and the needy.”

Vanity is a leading feature in the

human frame; and though it is frequently attended with vexation of spirit, it is often the promoter of great good.—I confess I felt myself pleasingly flattered by this rhapsody, expressed in a most effective manner, a talent peculiar to the Irish; for surely every one is ambitious to be thought well of by their fellow creatures, whatever their station in life may be, and I must say, I felt a satisfaction in having rendered a service to people who were not ungrateful for the service they had received.

As soon as Scroggins found who it was that he had been talking with, a grateful sensation was evident, for his voice tremoured as he took off his hat, and pronounced,—“Sir, you are right welcome to Denmark.”—“Now don’t say that, my friend, too often; you gave us the same quotation at the Inn this afternoon.”—“Why, were you there, Mr. Romney?”—

I then informed him of all that had taken place at the Inn since his departure,

and of the kind intention of the Callaghaduggan family towards him, who were rich, hospitable, and benovelent.

The invitation to supper was flattering, and the hopes I held out of more substantial relief, caused him to draw up his smalls with great glee, reminding me of the facetious Tony Leburn; and with Mrs. Godolphin under his arm, left me, as he observed, to dress *for the part*, but, as usual, could not retire without a quotation, "Sir, I'll meet thee at Phillipi."

The worthy Mrs. M'Kinley's warm and enthusiastic affection for her brother, her nearest and dearest relative, led her to acquiesce in all his wishes; and although his more extended knowledge of the world, and better informed mind, caused him to differ widely from her deep rooted theological prejudices, yet, she looked on him as a babe of grace, of a larger growth, pre-ordained, eventually to become a convert to the Calvinistic faith; and as nothing he could do was wrong with her, she submitted with Chris-

tian patience and resignation to his will, when he proposed to invite the Theatrical manager to supper; a thing, at any other time, she would have shuddered to think of.

As I had forewarned Scroggins to be cautious in his language and mode of expression before the old lady, I introduced him to the company as the manager of the Theatre, pretty confident that the caution I had given would be the means of rendering him rather a pleasing, than a painful companion, to Mrs. M'Kinley, whose feelings were not blunted by age, and whose heart was not hardened, even by the horrid system of Calvinism.

The manager, being now re-equipped in his best suit of sables, took his place at the supper table, with the ease, address, and appearance of a gentleman. During the repast, Mrs. M'Kinley paid him every attention, at which I inwardly rejoiced, well knowing the distressed state of his finances, and the hard life he had of

late, undergone, would render his mind tremblingly alive to the least slight, and on this account, as well as others, I omitted nothing that might encourage and convince him that he was held in proper respect.

I was surprised to find Murtoch's attention, during supper, much engaged in observing the manager, and as he stood behind his mistress's chair, his eyes were never off him; for having heard him addressed by the name of O'Scroggius, there seemed, from that time a feeling struggling in his breast, that took up all his attention, while, at the same time, his lips moved as if he was talking to himself, and once, I thought, I observed a tear standing in the poor fellow's eye.

The cloth being removed, Mr. Callaghaduggan observed, after drinking success to the Theatre, "Your's, sir, must be a harassing life, ill paid, I fear, and in this country, ill thought of, amongst the ignorant and superstitious."

"The stage, sir, is a profession where-

by a man of talent may live ; that is, he may vegetate ; but the education, information, and knowledge of human nature, he must possess before he can even vegetate, together with the study he is daily fatigued with, renders it, as you say, sir, a harassing life, a mental drudgery ; treated with insult by the ignorant, and looked down upon with unjust contempt by the rich.—Why, sir, a fellow in Glasgow, with five hundred bags of cotton in his warehouse, and scarcely an idea in his head, beyond profit and loss, whose heart is as hard as his iron chest, ‘ whose God is his gold—his desk his altar—his ledger his bible—his church the Exchange—and whose faith is only in his banker,’—I say, sir, excuse me, such a man may become a Bailey, a Lord Provost, an Elder of the Kirk, whilst an actor may starve.”

“ Give me leave, my good sir,” interrupted Callaghaduggan, with some agitation in his countenance, arising from his dislike to the word Elder, “ to drink

your good health, and may you never come within the grasp of tyrants, spiritual or temporal."

Mrs. McKinley, who had listened with some astonishment and pleasure to this speech, observed,

"And pray, my *gude* sir, *wi'* aw humility, may I speer what occupation you was brought up tul, and will you favour me *wi'* the reason that *gar'd* ye to become a play *acker*?"

"I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam,"—there again, dear me, I had made up my mind to avoid quotations, but do what I will, they intrude. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask your pardon; few words will suffice, madam; I was brought up to the law, but though I do not boast more honesty than other people, a few qualms of conscience arose in my mind, so I left that profession, and went on the stage."—"Oot o' the frying pan *intul* the fire," archly observed the old lady.—"Being a younger son I found myself obliged to get an honest livelihood, and the

manager of the Dublin Theatre, as he was pleased to say, observed some marks of genius—in short, madam, ‘honour fell in my way, and I took it,’—Dear me, there again now—I beg pardon ; after being many years on the stage, my brother, who resided last, I believe, at Ballinocrazy”—“Ballinomuch,” exclaimed Murtoch, in a half crying tone, as he placed a bottle of wine on the table. The astonishment of the company at this rude interruption was evident, but particularly in the countenance of Scroggins, who paused awhile, looked up at Murtoch, and then proceeded. “You are right, but how the devil—oh, dear me—beg pardon, ‘more is meant than meets the ear,’ there again—can’t help it—well, madam, my brother, Phelim O’Sroggins, who lived, as your man says, at Ballinomuch, came over to England some years ago, and settled at Greenock, and I being out of business in Edinburgh, as Mr. Romney very well knows, made but a sorry livelihood, till his five-pound note enabled

me 'to buy food and get myself into flesh.' Oh dear, dear, and then as if one good thing was determined not to come alone, I received a ten-pound note from my poor brother Phill's executors, desiring me to attend his funeral, having died the day before."

"Oh! the fader!"—roared out Murtoch, whom we perceived on his knees, in a corner of the room, crossing himself in great agitation.

CHAP. XI.

In answer to Mrs. M'Kinley's inquiry, after the cause of this alarming interruption, he continued crossing himself and striking his breast, "Oh, the fader! at the same time making one of the most discordant yells that could be imagined, "he's gone, gone, gone, never to return, oh! the *crater*, although he drove me abroad, over the salt sea water, without one marvady in my pocket, he was my truly begotten fader, sworn upon the holy book, at the altar, before fader O'Halloran; oh, the blessed Virgin! what will I do for the likes of him."

He then continued his howl so long and so loud, that the waiter came in to inquire if any one was taken ill. I am mighty sick," continued Murtoch, ris-

ing and approaching the door. “ Oh, what will I do,? I will never have the smallest account from the poor dear crater any how. Oh, that I had been there to have waked *wid* him—what will become of his poor dear soul ? for there is nobody to howl for him but poor Murtoch.” He then left the room crying, blubbering, and crossing himself, to the astonishment of all present.

It is difficult to form a just opinion, from a first appearance, and being thus taken by surprise, no one could come to any conclusion, in regard to the cause of Murtoch’s misery. It was evident Scroggin’s account had been the cause of it; but how the poor fellow became so much interested was matter that awakened the curiosity of every one present, and I volunteered my service to obtain the necessary information, and accordingly left the room for that purpose.

I found poor Murtoch seated on the steps, at the door, crying, crossing, and thumping away, as though he had not an

hour to live, surrounded by the neighbours and children, his cries had assembled.

In answer to my repeated inquiry into the cause of his lamentation, "Ah, the blessed Virgin! Mr. Romney, did you not hear my uncle Tibey say my *fader* was *kilt*." "Your uncle?" "Yes, he says old Phil. O'Scroggins, from Ballinomuch, was his brodder, and he was my *fader*, and sure dat's dacent relationship; oh, oh, oh, gone, gone, gone!"

"Don't distress yourself, Murtoch; perhaps you are mistaken; he may not be your father, but one of the same name." "Ah! come out of that, come out of that, Mr. Romney; sure, I asked my mother all about it, and she told me how it was before I was born, and did'nt he give me a new suit of his old clothes to come over a hay-making to England? and did'nt he pay the rent of my mother's cabin? and did'nt she always tell me I was as like him as two *prates*?—ah, gone, gone!" and again he began to howl, rendering my situation unpleasant; for the auditors

increased, and an old Scotch woman came towards me, from amidst of the throng, and after having listened some time, with a serious aspect, thus addressed me :”

“ A ken, sir, the ailment and sare affliction this puir body is fashed wi.”

“ And what is it, pray, good woman ?”

“ He’s witched, sir, he’s possessed wi’ an evil spirit.” “What makes you think so?”

“ Ah, sir, I have detected many a ane i’ my time—did you na ken an evil-looking old gimmer coming out of the ship the other night, wi twa wee doggies ?” “ Oh yes.

“ Well, sir, she is a warlock ; yes, sir, a female warlock ; she had hold of this daff chiel’s arm, and has clapt her claws upon him, and without the help of our gude and pious Minister, ye’ll never caw him back tul his rational reason.”

With much persuasion I at last brought Murtoch into the house, and being aware, that in Ireland, as well as Scotland, whiskey is sorrow’s solace, I called for a noggin, and endeavoured to mix it with water, but was interrupted by Murtoch.

exclaiming, somewhat loud, and void of all grief, “nate! nate! and plase yer honour, ah! it is a mighty sin to adulterate the crater.”

Leaving Murtoch to console himself with whiskey, I returned into the parlour; and my account caused much surprise, but when I related the old Scotch woman’s confidential intelligence, that Mrs. M’Kinley was a witch, the whole company burst into immoderate laughter; the old lady in particular; at last, becoming more serious, “Ah, brother, its awfu to *reflec* on the *effecs* of ignorance and superstition.” “Pluck the beam from thine own eye before thou attempts to draw the mote from another,” replied her brother, at the same time kindly taking her by the hand.

“Now, Mr. Scroggins,” continued he, “you seem in a thinking mood, what is your opinion of your supposed nephew?”

“Why sir, ‘’tis strange, ’tis passing strange, ’tis wonderful’—there again—beg

pardon—pray, madam, what is the name of your servant?”—“Murtoch”—“Its the same, most undoubtedly; he is my brother’s son, and my being here this evening is, in my opinion, a providential interference in his favour, for the executors of his father, to whom he is the sole heir, have long sought for him in vain, and I thank God, for making me the happy medium of rendering a service to—by your account, so worthy a relative.”

“ Sir, you speak like a noble-minded man, and a rational Christian, and I only regret your means are not equal to your deserts,—honour me by accepting this little pocket-book; within you will find a small portrait of what our black brethren call the ‘white man’s God;’ as I am no idolater I transfer it to your disposal, with a hearty wish that the best days you have passed, may be the worst of those you have to come.”

Scroggins afterwards informed me the book contained a ten-pound note.

“And, sir,” continued this good man,

“if you were to communicate the welcome tidings to your nephew, the knowledge of his coming fortune would tend, perhaps, more to remove his grief than even the stimulus of farintosh.” “You are right, brother; but Mr. Scroggins, give me leave to say, that your nephew, notwithstanding he is o’ the tribe of anti-Christ, wi’ his crossings, thumpings, beads, and Babylonish vagaries of the auld scarlet whore, is a faithfu, honest chield, of a gude and feeling heart, and I would coonsel you not to be auver free i’ your communication at the first, but break it tul him by degrees, otherwise you may upset his rational faculties wi’ the gude news.”

““Madam, I shall, in all my best obey you,” —there again—beg pardon—and for the present humbly take my leave.”—He then withdrew, and feeling a strong desire to witness the scene between the uncle and nephew, I begged leave to follow him.

Murtoch was seated in the kitchen, his

whiskey before him, and his darling Podo, by his side, for the poor fellow had become a white slave to the black charms of Podo, and grief had given way, seemingly for the moment, to love and whiskey toddy, till observing O'Scroggins and myself approach, he began again, "Oh, he's gone, he's gone, not the smallest account of him." I with difficulty interrupted his howl, by inquiring whether he had nothing to say to his uncle Tiberius? He then looked wistfully up, "Ah! is that Squire Tiby himself, or your brother? Ah, say its your brother, honey, and don't break the heart of poor Murtoch. Ah gone, gone, for ever gone!"

At that moment the parlour bell rang, and instantly, throwing off his grief, as a man would his hat, he arose, and exclaimed, "Ah, by the powers, the old lady wants her julap," and precipitately left the place to carry in the physic.

This is very strange, said I, "'Then, as a stranger, make it welcome'—I beg pardon, sir; but you know my failing,

I can easily account for these seeming inconsistencies amongst the lower classes of the disciples, of what the old lady call the scarlet whore. There is more of what they think duty, than feeling, in these howlings, and crossings, &c. for in the midst of the loudest yell, they will frequently pause to pass a joke, or inquire after their domestic concerns, and return to it again with redoubled vigour, being taught to believe it is necessary to howl a certain time, for the welfare of the departed spirit."

-Of this we were soon convinced, for Murtoch quickly returned, and seating himself with his elbows on his knees, and hands to his forehead, he recommenced howling, which I again attempted to interrupt; but with a supplicating look, he replied, "Ah, yer honour, do let me howl my hour out, or what will become of my poor dear fader."

To argue with ignorant bigotry, and deep-rooted prejudices, is as vain as to attempt to persuade a pig to go one way,

when he's determined to go the other.— So leaving Murtoch with his uncle, not doubting that a mutual explanation would soon take place, I returned without having it in my power to report much progress; but observed on the attachment that had taken place between the offspring of Erin, and the native of Africa. Mrs. M'Kinley said, "Yer right, Mr. Romney, I have ken'd a strong partiality rising between the twa, and I should wish a check put tul it, before the silly craters proceed too far, for how can that daff'd chield of misfortune provide for that black body and her wee bearn, and what kind of a Kirk can they go tul, one having na religion, and the other being of ane, that is worse than without." "Make yourself easy, sister, on that account, it is not, in my opinion, the sect, ceremony, or creed, that the great Creator looks to; those are, in general, the produce of priest-craft and speculation; but the spiritual workings of the human heart, for as St. Peter very justly

observes, ‘God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted.’ Let, then, my dear Edith, this liberal text expand your mind, and extend your hopes, for the universal happiness of all mankind, from the burning sands of Africa, to the more temperate regions of Ballinomuch.”

CHAP. XII.

Scroggins now returned from the kitchen, with a pleasing aspect, "Ladies and gentlemen, I rejoice, through your instrumentality, that I have been the means of making two worthy individuals happy. Give me leave to say, yonder is as fine a sentimental comedy performing, as a body would wish to see.—Act the first; scene the first, a kitchen—properties, tables, chairs, a glass of whiskey—Tiberius O'Scroggins, Murtoch, Podo, and Pickaninney discovered--O'Scroggins O—P.—Murtoch P—S.—Podo and Pickaninney middle—dear me—I beg pardon; I really can't keep out of the shop, for the life of me. However, ladies and gentlemen, this was the situation of the stage—ayc, there again now—the kit-

chen, I mean—when I made the glad tidings known to the poor lad, and he heard that his father had left him the Ballinomuch estate, he ceased howling in an instant; and clapping his hands together with some force, cried out, “ And is it I, Murtoch, that’s to be Ballinomuch’s lord! oh, by the powers, then here’s the lady.” Then taking Podo by the hand, he continued, “ Yes, uncle Tibey, dis little dingey darling shall be Mrs. Murtoch O’Scroggins, for dat, you know, is the name fader O’Dougharty put upon me, when he threw the holy water in my face.”

“ ‘ So, ladies and gentlemen’—there again—excuse me. The fact is, I am so much in the habit of giving out the Play—” At this moment the door opened, and poor delighted Murtoch, with Podo, and her Pickaninney, approached young Mrs. Callaghaduggan.

“ Ah! madam, yer honour’s will be done; but here is Lady Murtoch, that is to be, says she can’t conveniently dispose

of herself, without yer honour's free consent and mighty good will."

Then turning to his mistress, he dropped down upon his knees, "Ah! yer a good soul, my lady, may *St. Patrick* take charge of you in this world, and that which is to come; you took poor Murtoch into your *sarvice*, when he had not a friend in the world, or a *marvady* in his pocket, to buy a bit of *mate*, to drive the wind out of his belly, and when the officers, of what they call justice, had nearly stopped Murtoch from making any further *bodder* in this wicked world, by setting him and two more half-starved countrymen to work upon the new half-crowns, that are called counterfeit, dat is, fit for the counter, to be nailed down, did not your ladyship, bless your dear soul, bail him out and set him free? and shall he now be after begging consent to *lave* the *sarvice* of your honour's good looking white countenance, immediately to enter into the *sarvice* of a black one, to be sure I don't love them both, any

how, but the black one comes by *drame*; last night, my lady, I *taught* I was looking up at that mighty bright star, they call Juniper, when, to my thinking, a large lump of something, yellow as a firkin of Belfast butter, was dropping from off one corner, and a small lump of black, shining like Day and Martin, from the other; now dis is what is called a honey-fall, my lady, and sure enough here they are before your sweet self, at the present moment—dis is the black honey-fall” pointing to Podo, “and the other is at Ballinomuch, as my uncle Tybey very well knows, in gold guineas.”

“Ah, Murtoch, Murtoch,” replied Mrs. M’Kinley, “I ken all about it, e’en gang that way that is most likely, wi’ a blessing to bring down muckle happiness, you have got an accession of wealth; well then, be grateful, Podo will make ye a gude wife, and though I cannot weel say ye’ll have a *fair* addition tul yer family, I’m sure you’ll na have a foul one. And let me coonsel ye, Murtoch, to instruc

Podo, and what she caws her Pickaninney, in the true faith, and cast aside aw the blasphemous Babylonish vagaries of the *scarlet whore*."

"A babue! my lady, Murtoch's done with bad women long ago, either from Babylon or Ballinocrazy. But Mrs. Murtoch, that is to be, my lady, disputes her right to the disposal of her lilly black hand, without de lave and consint of young squire Callaghaduggan, becasse ye see, my lady, he opened de door of the house of bondage, and set de prisoner free."

"The Lord be praised," exclaimed the old lady, clasping her hands; "most thankful am I, my dear boy, that thou hast done one ac worthy of record in the register of righteous deeds."

"And so am I, sister; heaven knows I would rather receive the blessings of a poor, innocent, oppressed fellow-creature, like this interesting girl, than the purchased prayers of all the churches and chapels in our towns of Berwick-upon-

Tweed, Radnor in Wales, and all the *reprobating Kirks in Scotland.*”

“ Ah, brother, yer ganging a wee bit too far.”

“ For your prejudices, sister, I confess I am.”

Had I not found it impracticable to select applicable titles of Plays, for the head of each chapter, in the last three volumes of the *Itinerant*, a mode I have followed in the antecedent ones, I should have headed this chapter with the title of Miss Lee’s excellent Comedy, the ‘Chapter of Accidents;’ for I certainly think nothing could be more applicable to its contents.

Mr. Callaghaduggan had scarcely finished the last sentence, when a terrible noise or crash, resembling the falling in of the roof of the house, in the room over that in which we sat, filled every one with alarm for present safety. In a moment Mrs. M’Kinley was carried out in her brother’s arms to another part of the Inn,

and the rest of the females quickly followed.

But young Callaghaduggan, always more impelled by curiosity than fear, made the best of his way up stairs; the army contractor, myself, Scroggins, and Murtoch, with almost all the people in the house, joined him; but before we had reached the bed-room, for such it was, one of the waiters, more nimble than the rest, had opened the door, and discovered to our view, a scene the most ludicrous, and at the same time the most unaccountable.

The floor was literally covered with soot and bricks, in the midst of which, on his knees, rested a seemingly penitent chimney-sweeper, with his hands pressed together, supplicating and imploring forgiveness of poor, affrighted Cheery, who had risen on his knees upon his bed, to pray for divine assistance against what he conceived to be an evil spirit, or the devil himself.

It may, perhaps, be as well to explain

the cause of this singular scene before we proceed further.

The room in which Mr. Cheery had to sleep, and into which he retired in disgust, on leaving the Theatre, had formerly a fire-place, which, of late years, had been covered over with canvas, and then with paper similar to that which covered the remainder of the room, so that, though the chimney still remained, it was not visible.

CHAP. XIII.

It so happened, that another chimney, belonging to the same house, was to be swept that morning, at an early hour, long before the company arose, of which the Inn was full, that the offensive smell of soot might have time to subside. The sweep employed, having taken a wee droppey, began his work at one o'clock in the morning, and having made good his way to the top of the chimney, got out upon the roof to shake off the soot, and refresh himself from a small flask of whiskey, he generally carried about with him on these occasions. The day had scarcely began to gloam, which, together with the influence of whiskey, produced a bewildering uncertainty of vision; for he mistook the chimney, and returned down

another, which happened to be the one that had been long closed at the bottom, and came from the room in which my friend Cheery lay. The sweep, unconscious of his error, proceeded slowly down till within a few yards of the bottom, when his foot slipping he was precipitated with great force, together with a quantity of bricks, soot, and mortar, to the bottom, bursting with violence through the canvas and paper, and making such a hideous appearance, on the room floor, before the timid and affrighted Cheery, that had nearly deprived him of his senses.

The glimmering of a rush-light, which Mr. Cheery always burnt during the night, rendered still more gloomy by the cloud of dust and soot that filled the room, the black costume, red cap, and sooty complexion of the cleanser of chimneys, rendering the whites of his eyes more conspicuous, his supplicating posture, together with the horror-struck visage of the almost breathless Cheery, who awakened from a sound slumber, such as a

conscience, void of offence, generally creates, rising precipitately from his pillow, roused by an awful noise like thunder, almost suffocated, and paralyzed with fear.—In short, the *tout ensemble* of this whimsical scene, when the door opened, impressed a sort of comic effect, that no fear for injury that the parties might have sustained could repress.

Young Callaghaduggan, with his usual levity, precipitately entered the room, and slapping the sweep on the back, inquired, “Ha, how did you come?” To which, in much alarm, he replied, “Down the chimney, sir.”

I ran instantly to Cheery, who appeared in convulsions, clasping his little hymn-book to his breast, and muttering to himself, doubtless, a pious invocation, and when I took hold of his hand started as if roused from a dream.

I inquired the cause of this confusion, to which, with a sigh, he replied, “Its all owing to the *fall*, sir;” which was evidently and literally true, but not in the sense he understood it.

Our attention was now attracted towards the door, by a hubble bubble kind of noise, which we soon perceived arose from the fat alderman, whom the noise had awakened, and, half asleep, stood on the threshold of the door, with no clothing except his small-clothes, which, in the confusion, he had put on the wrong side before ; a huge flannel night-cap added to this grotesque appearance, which produced risibility in the countenance of every one present except Cheery, more especially when the alderman greeted the whole company with the title of *thieves, rogues, and radicals*, not having the least conception of whom he was addressing.

As soon as young Callaghaduggan found how things were ; that all this alarm and confusion arose from the mistake of a drunken chimney-sweeper, he again clapped the poor fellow on the shoulder with, “ Come, thou son of a soot-bag, up, up, I say, the same way thou camest into this house, the same way thou shall go out of

it.” His father would have interfered in behalf of the poor sweep; but he replied, “My dear sir, every one in his element; you, God bless you, love all mankind—I love fun—the alderman loves his belly—the little pantaloon, Roscius, loves a contract—Mr. Cheery loves his little red book—and the sweep loves his chimney—all regular. So up, I say, forthwith.”

The poor sweep, glad to escape without punishment, for the disturbance he had made, lost no time, with much agility, scrambled up the chimney, and was out of sight in an instant.

The alderman returned to his bed-chamber, growling and muttering; Mr. Cheery was accommodated with another room, and we all returned to Mrs. M'Kinley and her niece, to inform them of the singular scene we had just witnessed.

The old lady's fears for our safety as well as her own, being removed, and busy circumstances of the evening, so crowded with interesting events, having

kept our minds awake, we now began to think of time, which had hitherto slipped away unnoticed, and a general surprise took place, when the clock struck two, upon which every one retired to his appointed place of rest.

The morning was delightfully enchanting, and the immense hills which surrounded the beautiful little town of Inverary, together with the silver Loch on which we had glided forty miles, when viewed from the heights, could not be surpassed by any scenery, for its enchanting effects, except the view of Edinburgh, Leith, and the adjoining country from Arthur's seat.

The castle clock struck six, on, as I observed before, one of the sweetest mornings that ever sure blessed the earth, when the two Callaghaduggan's, the army tailor, the worthy Cheery and myself, began to ascend a hill in the Duke of Argyle's park, or policy, on the top of which stands a small Gothic tower, resembling an observatory, and to this we

ascended, after about a quarter of an hour's perambulation through a winding path, almost buried in variegated foliage.

The sun, although an hour high, had not overtopped the surrounding hills, and its reviving influence as yet remained obscure, so that even on the top of this little hill there was but a gloam or twilight, and when we entered the small building, there was not light sufficient to discern objects distinctly.

We brought with us from the inn an old Highlander, who often officiated as guide to strangers, who wished to view the castle and surrounding grounds.—This man led the way, and entering the tower first, we were much surprised to meet him making a precipitate retreat, exclaiming, “A, sir, I’ve ken’d him, I’ve ken’d him.” On inquiring the cause of his alarm, he replied, in much agitation, “Its the muckle castle brooney, I ken him weel.”

The state of mind the lower classes in

Scotland labour under, through the influence of superstition, and the prevalence of priestcraft, was well known to the Cal-laghaduggan's, and smiling at the man's fears, the younger, with his usual vivacity, ran into the place, and we soon heard him vociferate, as though he had just met with an old friend, "Ha, how did you come?"

On entering we beheld this eccentric youth busily employed in scratching the back of an old domestic goat, who doubtless had passed the night in this unfrequented place for want of a better.

Though this Highlander was a man in years, strong and robust in appearance, so deeply were early prejudices rooted in his mind, that though we repeatedly requested him to come in, stating that the cause of his alarm proved nothing but an old goat, yet no persuasion, not even ocular demonstration, could induce him to enter the place. "For," said he, gravely shaking his head, "dunna gar me, sir, dunna gar me to gang in—ah! its an

awfu ac o' presumption to scare a brooney ; ye dunna ken the muckle skaith ye may bring upon us aw, for though brooneys are na warlocks, nor grampus's, they win-na be fashed wi vain clishma claver."

I found it impossible to comprehend this good man's meaning from any verbal communication, and of course my friend Cheery must be still more in the dark. I therefore requested Mr. Callaghaduggan to address him in Gaelic, which accordingly he did, and obtained the following information :

That a Brooney is a spirit rather friendly than otherwise, and always domestically inclined, but won't bear to be fashed or offended. Every farm-house has its attendant brooney, and if treated well during the night, by leaving plates of food in certain places, will render assistance to the domestics by various acts of drudgery and labour. But they never are active during the day time, for as soon as the cock crows they immediately take up their residence in the body of some

animal, frequently the most domestic, and this old goat having been a tame creature in the Duke's family for many years, the castle brooney daily domiciled, it was believed in the body of this harmless animal. On account of this, the goat was held in high respect, by all in the neighbourhood, and the cause of the poor man's alarm arose from the fear of giving any interruption to the daily progress of the brooney, lest he should visit his dwelling in anger at night.

CHAP. XIV.

Good intentioned, uninformed people, are, generally speaking, the most credulous, and of course the most easily imposed upon and priest-ridden. From this cause fanatical meetings are generally composed of females; dear bewitching, unsuspecting souls, they mean no harm themselves, nor can they conceive it possible that a man in black, with Reverend tacked to his name, whose theological countenance hangs out a sign of long-suffering, something like smiling under a mask, can, through mercenary views, tell them anything but the truth; they believe in all things visible and invisible.—The great sleight-of-hand man, Signior Boas, used to say, when his exhibition was composed three parts of ladies, he

was sure to succeed the best, for then the most barefaced deceptions would pass ; and indeed, I have always observed, if any females were present, the conjuror always selected them to pass his tricks upon.

My friend Cheery's mind was formed in a similar mould ; he thought well of every one, nor could he believe that any man entertained sinister motives who possessed the power of a pulpit canting and sanctimonious demeanour ; in short, had Cheery been brought into existence at Constantinople or Hindostan, he'd have been a good Mussulman, or Hindoo, for his heart was composed of the best materials, and his head never led him to make any inquiry after truth, conceiving it only to be met with in the principles in which he was brought up.

I was led into these observations, from the marked difference I observed in the countenances of the two fanatics, the worthy, mild, methodistical Cheery, and the stern, reprobating aspect of the Cal-

vinistic Highlander, who believed in brooneys, warlocks, fairies, and all the host of Scotch hobgoblins, second sight men, &c.

Now though Cheery could not swallow the Scotch brooney, yet he believed in the witch of Endor, and all the ghosts, supernatural appearances, interferences and silly stories, related and believed by the late worthy, credulous John Wesley, and most of his uninformed followers.

This observatory, for such it undoubtedly had been, commanded a delightful view of the rural scenery beneath. The town of Inverary, the castle, and extensive domains; the termination of the beautiful and expansive Loch, together with the surrounding hills, formed a most enchanting spectacle, to a mind not sunk in superstition, and capable of enjoying the wonderful works of the great Creator; even Cheery enjoyed it as far as he durst withdraw his warped mind from gloomy subjects, and with a sigh, as usual, observed, "High ho! this is beau-

tiful, it must be confessed, to the natural eye, and had it not been for the disobedience of our first parents, for whose crime all nature labours under an eternal curse, such a scene as this might have led to spiritual enjoyment; but alas! now it is become a trap of Satan's setting to inveigle the saints into sensuality."

These sentiments, from the worthy Cheery, awakened the elder Callaghduggan from a pleasing reverie, into which this enchanting scene had led him, and somewhat indignant, almost looking poor Cheery down by the honest sternness of his countenance, he thus replied :

"Great God, sir, is it possible! can your excellent heart harbour sentiments so degrading to the Creator, and so ungrateful in the creature? Oh! how it grieves me to behold the natural energies of an amiable mind thus depraved by prejudice, and warped by priestcraft.—Can you, for a moment, suppose that the all-wise Being has spread this enchanting

scene before us, of hills, dales, wood and water, merely as a snare to lead his creatures into crime, for admiring them? Blasphemous doctrine!—Why, sir, your Deity is a sort of Devil, first driving poor mortals into a snare, and then punishing them for having been caught in it.”—“High ho!—we are told, that Eve yielded to the wily temptation of the *serpent*, but the pious Dr. Adam Clarke has lately found out that a *monkey* was the tempter, and we are told”—“We are told by spiritual pickpockets, my dear sir, a parcel of nonsense; most of it as ridiculous, and deserving as little credit, as the stories of little Jackey Horner, or Thomas Hickathrift. So this wise man of Gotham, methodist preacher Clarke, has transformed the serpent into a *monkey*. After we have for so many years been led by translators of the first information, talent and knowledge, to believe it was a serpent that seduced our first parents, Clarke, the Methodist Solon, has found out that a *monkey* did the

business ; and if his bigoted brain had called it a bear, his ignorant, credulous congregation would have believed him. Well, Sir, I have only to say, that it might be a monkey, or a donkey, for any thing that either Clarke or Parson, knows about it ; and I sincerely rejoice that I am not *ass* enough to believe either. This ourangoutang, or Methodist monkey, must have been very unlike the disgusting animals of that species we now-a-days behold, and possessed of powers wonderfully seductive, for as the Poet satirically observes,

“ To his temptation lewdly she inclined,
And for an apple damned mankind.”

Cheery, in reply, was preparing to prove, in his way, for what will not bigots believe ! that every smiling infant came into the world with a curse, like a cap, upon its head, when our attention was attracted by the clamour of bagpipes and the sonorous sound of a double drum, towards a path that meandered through

a wood beneath, and led to the Inn.—We could easily discern a group, consisting of men, women, and children; and as we had brought an excellent telescope with us, soon discovered, to our great astonishment, that Murtoch and Podo were of the party, and arm-in-arm, seemed to lead the van, followed by O'Scroggins and Mrs. Godolphin, alias little Sally.

It was no difficult matter to surmise the cause of this joyous procession, more especially as they came in a direction from the *Kirk*. We therefore immediately concluded that Murtoch had been fulfilling his promise, by making Podo his wife. We were fully convinced of this, when the party began to mend their pace to the quick step-tune of Paddy O'Rafferty, which Murtoch seemed to enjoy, by capering round Podo, whilst the shouts of the children pierced the air.

Having received considerable gratification from our walk, we returned by another path, and found, on arrival at the

Inn, that our conjectures were true, for Murtoch, with a joyous countenance, met us at the door.

“ Ah, yer honour, Mr. Romney, give me joy, and give Mrs. Murtoch joy, and yer honour, wid the hard name, dat comes mighty uneasy to the pronuncification, give Murtoch joy, for he has taken the little plump black daffy-down-dilly, for better and for worse; aye, and he’ll take care of her little darling *Pickaninney*, into the bargain; to be sure, yer honour, my poor dear dead *Judy* won’t be angry, will she? because, why, if she’d staid wid Murtoch he’d not have taken *anodder*, any how. And then the good old lady, my mistress, that saved poor Murtoch from dancing upon nothing at all, ah! the fader’s blessings be wid her, and St. Patrick’s into the bargain, to be sure little black Podo is not gone up stairs the now, to ask her ladyship’s permission, by way of a precaution afterwards,—will yer honour just wet the wedding ring wid a drap of whiskey this fine morning?”

Breakfast being rather retarded, from the late hour Mrs. M'Kinley and her daughter-in-law, retired to rest the night before, we took another stroll through a wood near the town, adorned with lofty trees, forming romantic avenues, within the Duke's park, for this northern leviathan, or his ancestors seemed to have laid their hands on every thing in that country.

O'Scroggins accompanied us, and we were pleased to hear that he had arranged matters, with his nephew, Murtoch, in the following manner: O'Scroggins and the Murtoch family were, with Mrs. M'Kinley's permission, to return with the steam packet that day to Greenock, when Murtoch, after having settled with his brother's executors, promised to forward a sum of money to enable his uncle O'Scroggins to take, as he termed it, the town of Rothsay, meaning to return to Inverary by the next day's packet, to be ready for the *Siege of Belgrade*, then in rehearsal.

Taking towns and laying sieges, were

terms Cheery had no idea of hearing from the mouth of any one not in a military capacity; and, therefore, set O'Scroggins down as a commander of some troop in the neighbourhood, which undoubtedly he was.

It is possible, St. Paul says, to be righteous over much, and this in true sincerity of heart, was Cheery's state of mind, in season, and more often out of season, his conversation was continually interlarded with religious opinions or texts from scripture. I had hitherto concealed from him my profession, and silently assented to his observations, rather than enter into controversy, because I esteemed him as an amiable character, and a sincere christian, although so truly uninformed and credulous, that he was open to the imposition of every designing hypocrite. The following is an instance :

This well meaning man, having no predilection for the society of the world, and "came out from amongst them," as often as he could, sauntered behind our little

group, meditating on mysteries as incomprehensible as the Æthenasian creed, whilst the well informed and feeling mind of Callaghaduggan, led him to observe most eloquently on the beauties of nature and the wisdom of nature's God.

O'Scroggins felt the force of his observations, but as our daily callings are always uppermost in the mind, he observed, that although used to change of scenes, he never beheld any thing like the present; a painting from it would make a beautiful front drop for his little Theatre; and the army tailor *wowed* he had never seen any thing like it in all his born days, except the *review* on Finchley Common, all in new regimentals.

We were roused from these observations, by Psalm singing in the next avenue, and soon perceived Cheery with his little red book, leading out a hymn to two Scotch peasants, who made the valley ring with their stentorian lungs. When the verse was finished, we observed Cheery addressing them with much energy,

though we could not distinctly hear the words, except now and then the usual Scotch reply—“*yer right, sir, I ken, exactly—just so.*” At the conclusion, we observed Cheery presenting them with silver, which we afterwards understood was meant for the purchase of two new bibles.

He then left them, with much satisfaction in his countenance, observing, “Ah, I am most thankful, I have this day converted two lost souls to a lively sense of their sinful state by nature, and I have no doubt they will from this moment become babes of grace.”

The sequel will shew how these babes of grace disposed of the money.

We then returned to the Inn, with a full conviction of Cheery’s good intention, though not with much confidence of his success.

The ladies we found at the breakfast-table, in tolerable spirits, considering the fatigue and alarm they had sustained the preceding night; indeed the old lady

seemed in more than usual vivacity, and congratulated O'Scroggin's on the wedding of his nephew, and his future happy prospects ; then, with an arch look added, " And your miraculous escape, Mr. Cheery, from the muckle horned de'il, that came down the lum last night."

" High ho ! ah, madam, we are told to believe in all things, visible and invisible, and"—

" How this worthy man meant to proceed, I know not, for the entrance of young Callaghaduggan put a period to his harangue, who joyously came in, leading Murtoch, Podo, with Pickaninney.

CHAP. XV.

The poor Irishman, full of lively feelings of the best sort, found a strong contention in his mind, between extravagant joy, on account of his nuptials, gratitude to his mistress, to whom he was indebted for every thing, even his life, and a sense of deep regret at the thoughts of parting from her, a circumstance, his uncle told him, could not be procrastinated beyond the return of the packet, lest some impediment should arise to prevent the accomplishment of his father's will.

To attempt to describe the incoherent jumble of almost unintelligible sentences that burst forth from the overwhelmed and sensitive soul of the poor Irishman, would be vain. He dropped on his knees, at the feet of his mistress, and crossed

himself with the utmost expedition; then whilst the tears, in big drops, chased each other down his broad face, he exclaimed, with a tremulous voice, “ You’ve kilt me, my lady, by the powers, yer honour, you’ve kilt poor Murtoch wid kindness. Ah! St. Patrick’s blessings upon you, any how—when de were going to hand over poor Murtoch to Jack Ketch, for polishing the two-and-tenpennies, according to order*.—Ah! what did you do, my lady? To be sure, it is’nt registered above in St. Patrick’s pocket-book.—Just as de were going to hang us all three, your ladyship sent de big wig to cut the

* The reader will recollect that this worthy man was one of the poor unfortunate Irish labourers, who were employed by some vile police men in London, to work upon counterfeit half-crowns, with infamous intent to take their lives for coining, to obtain the reward, called blood-money, which happening to come to the knowledge of the worthy Mrs. M’Kinley, she employed counsel; the Irishmen were acquitted, and I blush to say, the wretches that meant to murder them, escaped with some trifling punishment.

rope, and took Murtoch into your own good *sarvice*, that blessed day, and he's been wid yer honour till the present moment of speaking—and now, after all, is it Murtoch that's going to leave you—ah, the Father, what will I do!”

Then rising precipitately, as if some pleasant thought had instantly shoved aside the painful idea of parting from his mistress, he took Podo by the hand, and in a more pleasant accent, continued, “But then here's my wife, my lady, a dingy darling lump of love, to last all the days of my life, and for ever and ever, Amen. Ah, my lady, you must let us go just for a time, to look after my poor fader's executioners, for the sake of this little black blossom and Pickaninney, and perhaps more Pickaninney's—Ah! murder, I beg pardon—now, my lady, bless your good heart, pass a gentle judgment upon us, for I'd give up all the gold, and silver, and coppers, rather than offend a hair of your head.

It may easily be conceived by those

who are capable of generous feelings, that the contending emotions of this poor Irishman's warm heart, had a strong effect upon all present, and Mrs. M'Kinley, in particular, who often polished her little nose as an excuse to wipe off a tear, that was slowly stealing towards the end of it, "the Laird bestow his bennison on ye baith," she exclaimed, to which Cheery sighed, "Amen, amen."

It was now generally concluded that Murtoch should return with the steam packet to Greenock, accompanied by his newly betrothed companion, and his uncle O'Seroggins; for this purpose a handsome purse was made up, upon the sight of which, the poor fellow's gratitude was evinced in various gestures, queer looks, and expressions, pertinent and pithy. He then left the room almost choked with joy and gratitude, Pickaninney on one arm, and Podo on the other.

It is matter of doubt whether those who relieve distress, or those who are relieved, enjoy the greater gratification, for the

joy that beamed in every countenance, on account of Murtoch's happiness, bespoke a pleasure nearly equal to his own.

This strange and unexpected match between a white man and a black woman, occasioned general conversation through the whole village, and the neighbours assembled in the servants' hall, in anxious curiosity to view the married couple; some turned up their eyes, and wondered that a Christain would marry an infidel! others, with looks of severe Calvinistic certainty, liberally admitted the possibility of the female's being one of the happy few pre-ordained to salvation, through the instrumentality of her husband; but when they understood that Murtoch was a Catholic, they turned aside, one and all, with pious disgust, and holy hatred, exclaiming, "Ane's as bad as the other."

A few such liberal hints were dropped in Murtoch's hearing, as he stood with his black family amongst the curious in the servants' hall; such as, "dun ye ken the muckle sin o' encouraging the prin-

ciple o' the Pope—the Kirk has the only true faith, and sure ye winna mak your wife a scarlet whore o' Babylon?"

"Bengal, you mean, my jewels; she was never at Babalon in all her born days, and to be sure they won't find it an easy job to make my dingy darling into a scarlet whore, any how, while Murtoch is by her side to protect her."

The worthy magistrate, from the great city, having kept himself aloof from our party since his arrival, most probably ashamed of his late prostrate sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, was on this occasion waited upon by young Callaghadugan, in hopes of prevailing on the sensualist to subscribe a trifle towards making a small dower for poor Podo on her wedding day. He found the alderman deeply engaged in the only book he ever read, Betty Raffle's Art of Cookery.

"It won't do, sir—blethera wethera—Black slaves of my own—hubble bubble—that is, Jamaica—no business here

savages---send her home—that is, maw waw—sha'nt give a farthing.”

“ All regular, Mr. Alderman, your bowels are copious, though not considerate ; but poor Podo is now one of our own country ; she is united to an Irishman.”

“ So much the worse—hubble bubble—I'm a King's man—hate united Irishmen—maw waw, rebels, radicals.”

Finding nothing was to be got from the alderman, the young man, after bestowing on him, in his own way, a few well deserved epithets, left him ; and Lord and Lady Larceny became the next objects of our attack. I accompanied the young gentleman to their apartments, with better hopes of success.

The clock had struck nine, an early hour for lazy Lordlings ; nevertheless, they were at high breakfast, and we were politely received, and when the cause of our visit was made known to his Lordship, he observed, in his usual way,

“ Oh, aye, the poor black girl that jumped into the water, and swam about

like a duck after her child—married, eh? aye, that puts me in mind of old Lord Marpous; you remember Marpous, my lady; he kept a young black girl.” Her ladyship coloured up to the eyes, and looked as if she would have thrown a cup of coffee in his face.

“ You mistake, my Lord, I do not remember any such thing, I assure you, my Lord—a *ridiculous old fool*.”

“ Oh! yes you do, my lady; you remember we always called him the wool-comber, because we caught him one morning at breakfast, combing her black woolly locks, ha, ha, ha!”

This unpleasant retrospect displeased her ladyship so much, that she turned on her chair with a contemptuous look at his Lordship, and observing little Skye and Mull, who had followed us up stairs, “ Well, I declare here are those two beautiful poodles, how glad I am to see them,—*confound them*.”

Having obtained a pound from his Lordship, for the use of the poor family,

we returned, and Murtoch found himself possessed of the mighty sum of twenty pounds, to bear the expenses of the new married couple to Greenock, where, in all probability, a handsome maintenance for life awaited them.

In the life of an Itinerant, whether it be on the stage, in the pulpit, or at the bar, one of its pleasantest features is that of forming acquaintance with agreeable, worthy, and well informed people, and one of the most painful, is that of parting from them. Both of these I had often experienced; but the present connexion I had formed with this worthy family was the most pleasant, and at the same time the most interesting I had ever met with; so much so, that the idea of separation caused a lowness and dejection of spirits, that were perceptible to all around me, for having, from unavoidable circumstances, made up my mind to return with Murtoch, I felt considerable pain at the awful thought of parting, in all probability, for ever, from

the noble, generous hearted Callaghadugans.

This was, indeed, to me, a bitter separation; alas! we think our sufferings great, till a greater takes place, and are often convinced, by woful experience, that those calamities, under which human nature seems to shrink, is light in comparison with that which hangs in terrorum over our devoted heads.

CHAP. XVI.

Such, alas! was my situation—my heart ached at this mole-hill of misery, unconscious that a mountain was on the point of crushing my mental feelings into the dust of despair.

But I will not anticipate, although the melancholy retrospect almost paralyzes my hand whilst I am writing, and renders me unfit for lively description, without which, the reader would scarcely find patience to wade through the following pages.

On breaking my intention to these worthy people, although it was what I led them to expect, they received it as unexpected and unwelcome news. A general silence ensued—the old lady applied to her snuff-box—her brother took

long strides across the room, with folded arms—the young man rubbed up his hair before and behind, *a-la-dandy*, drew up his collar till it nearly reached his eyes, and then rising precipitately from his chair, exclaimed, “You shan’t go, by G—.” Down fell the old lady’s snuff-box, and lifting up her hands and eyes, she was, apparently, struck speechless with the horrid word, whilst Cheery made an expeditious retreat out of the room, lest it should fall about his ears.—Having recovered herself, with a look of as much anger as she could muster in her good-natured countenance, “Ah! Sandy, Sandy, where hast thou learned to take thy maker’s name in vain?” “Pardon, my dear aunt, I have not taken his name in vain; he shall not go, if I can help it.” The great man whose all commanding aspect rendered even his look almost a law to his relatives, now stood before them in a pensive attitude.

“My son,” said he, “you know I am no bigot, but a friend to all good people,

of whatever religious persuasion they may happen to be; for chance, depend on't, has much more to do in the formation of our opinions, or prejudices, than conviction; but as all parties acknowledge a great first cause, a superior intelligence, by whose fixed laws the whole creation is regulated, given in our language, under the name of God, it follows that every virtuous thinking man, must hold that name in veneration, and none but those who do not believe in his existence, or whose crimes have rendered callous, every noble energy of the heart, will treat that sacred name with levity."

Then turning to me, "Sir, your good sense will, I trust, lead you to look over the impropriety of this young man's expression, more especially, when you are aware it arose from the warmth of his feelings on your account, in which, believe me, we all participate.

"To say we experience unpleasant sensations, on account of your communication, is stating a truth, which, I doubt not, you

will give us credit for. For my own part, I confess I am unhappy, at the thought of parting with you, and by the sympathetic tear, that glistens in my dear sister's eye, I plainly perceive her sentiments are in unison with mine—I would, it were possible, my dear sir, that your arrangements would permit you to accompany us to our Island. Skye is a healthy, and in the summer, a pleasant situation, and happy should we be, if circumstances would permit you to accompany us, for as long a time as you might find it pleasant to remain among us.”

A short pause again ensued, for the kindness of these worthy people had deprived me of utterance; at last the good old lady broke silence, and holding out her hand, with sensibility of countenance, “The Laird o’ heaven be yer guide, Mr. Romney wherever ye gang, and may ye be enabled, by a merciful providence, to sustain the winter o’yer days i’ comfort, without applying tul yer former profession for support.”

Such a thing is possible, thought I, as I gently took her hand, and pressed it to my lips, but alas ! very improbable.

Having expressed as well as I could, the sincere regret I felt at parting from them, together with my anxiety of mind to return to the little cottager at Parkgate, I at length reconciled them and myself to the necessity there was for my immediate departure, for besides the longing I felt for home, sweet home ! I had a hidden most pressing reason, exemplified in the appearance of my little red pocket-book, whose sides clung together like the skins of an empty bladder, and I thought within myself, if this generous family were acquainted with my situation, how happy would they be to relieve my anxiety, but to make it known, pride would not permit, and I foolishly suffered considerable anguish of mind, in keeping that a secret from friends, who had the power as well as the inclination, to relieve me.

The following was the arrangement of

our return to Greenock: Cheery, myself, the army tailor, the alderman, Murtoch and family, with O'Scroggins, leaving the worthy Callaghaduggans to pursue their journey to the Isle of Skye, Lord and Lady Larceny to return by the next packet, and the aged spinster in the cheap lodgings, at the chandler's shop, to return or stay as she thought proper.

The clock had now struck nine, and the packet was to leave Inverary at ten.

As Cheery accompanied me towards the vessel, to see the luggage properly disposed of, we were accosted by the two babes of grace, or Scotch converts that the worthy Cheery fancied he had made in the wood that morning. They were almost in the last stage of inebriety, and came staggering up to my friend, when each, rather roughly, seizing a hand, began to pull him about, exclaiming, "Ah! sir, yer a good bodie, ye'd muckle power i' yer spiritual communication thi' day. Ah! we have been piously employed ever since."

I had some difficulty to extricate my friend from the strong grasp of these sturdy Highland converts, which, when I had accomplished, Cheery lifted up his hands and eyes, as we walked away.

“ High ho ! we are told that if we throw pearls before swine they’ll turn and rend us—some bad spirit has entered these men.” “ Yes, sir,” I replied, “ some bad whiskey, most likely, purchased with the silver you gave them this morning to buy bibles with.” “ Do you think so ?” “ I do.” “ High ho !”

I think I have observed, in the preceding pages, that to take a final leave of dear and valuable friends, I always found so painful a circumstance, that I have in general, endeavoured to avoid it by departing without the knowledge of the parties, and by those who are acquainted with my rule, no offence is taken.

I remained with this worthy family to the last moment, in pleasant conversation ; and then I stole away, with a heavy heart. Ere I left them the young man begged

leave to write the proper address of the family, on one of the tablets of my forlorn pocket-book, which, when he had done, he returned it, requesting me to favour him with a line, on my safe arrival at Greenock, as they should not leave Inverary for some days.

A pibroch having been played, forticimo, through the village, on a tremendous pair of bagpipes, by way of signal for departure, we took our leave of Inverary.

The feelings I then experienced are revived by this description, and I call to mind the separation from these worthy people, with a painful retrospection that words cannot describe.

Our voyage, although a glorious day, proved monotonous; both Cheery and myself sat mute for hours; his good heart, in spite of all his bigotry, felt strongly at our late separation, and he would often break out in his usual way, "High ho! the Lord's will be done; I began to idolize those people, and it is, perhaps, a mercy that they are removed."

Our minds were too much unhinged to listen to the unintelligible observations of the alderman, or the silly retorts of the army agent, who were continually sparring, bearing a most inveterate hatred to each other, although they were inhabitants of the same town, and not distant neighbours.

But the poor Irishman's grief at parting with his mistress, although he was to follow them to the Isle of Skye, when his business at Greenock was finished, could scarcely be pacified, even by Podo, who, throwing her black arms about his neck, said, "No cry, Murtoch, Podo make you happy." Then, in the opposite extreme, he'd dance about the deck, exclaiming, "Ah! there now, Mr. Romney. Mr. Cheery, is'nt that enough to soften the heart of a hangman? Podo says its she that will make Murtoch happy. To be sure he's not just now mighty happy.—The Lord Lieutenant, in all his robes, stars, and garters, is'nt at all as happy as Murtoch O'Scroggins." Then relapsing,

“ Ah ! but then the dear good old soul, my lady ; ah, there is not an ungenteel bit about her, not even her small nip of a nose, filled with blaggard.”

The strange nature of a soil, from which seems to spring, spontaneously, wit, talent, and feelings, of the noblest sort, even from ground the most uncultivated, caused a reanimated spark of pleasure to spring up in our minds, and, for a while, drove away all unpleasant reflections.

CHAP. XVII.

My friend Cheery was unacquainted with the profession of O'Scroggins, although he had seen him the night before, when he mistook the Theatre for a religious meeting, yet had not the smallest recollection of his person, and was led into a similar mistake with Sullivan, in the three last vols. of this work; so that when O'Scroggins talked of taking Rothsay on his return, and being at Inverary the next night, time enough for the *Siege of Belgrade*, he concluded he was in company with a military character, and as he was an enemy to all kinds of war, except against the devil and all his works, fancied himself unpleasantly situated, and began to remove his quarters, assigning to me the cause, in which I undeceived

him, and in plain terms informed him that O'Scroggins was manager of the Inverary Theatre, in partnership with Mrs. Godolphin, and meant to open one in Rothsay as soon as he had closed at Inverary.

It is astonishing how prejudice hoodwinks the eye of the mind; for, though we plainly perceive and reprobate the absurdities of others, we are totally blind to our own. This was literally the case with Cheery, for though he often spoke against the illiberality of Mrs. McKinley's creed, that led her to believe the Romish church anti-christ, and the Pope, the scarlet whore of Babylon; yet, the moment he found that poor O'Scroggins was a player, away flew all his liberality, and he walked to the other end of the vessel as precipitately as if he was making his escape from plague, pestilence, and famine.

We reached Greenock early in the morning, and met with excellent accommodations at the hotel we before put up

at, whilst Murtoch, his wife and child, piloted by his uncle, O'Scroggins, went in search of his father's executors.

The warmth of my feelings now led me back to Inverary, and my friend Cheery having commenced a letter on business to his agent in town, I seized the opportunity, and communicated our safe arrival to the worthy Callaghaduggans, with sentiments of esteem and friendship, perhaps too diffuse, but not the less sincere.

My pocket-book was then opened to copy the proper family address, which the young man had kindly favoured me with, when a small slip of paper dropped from it, containing a Bank of England note for twenty pounds, with these words :

MY DEAR SIR,

" When you see the inclosed do't say, ' Ha, how did you come ? '—never mind how it came ; but if it GOES too speedily for your convenience, let me know, and its fellow shall be yours forthwith.—All regular.

" Yours, with every good wish,

" ALEXANDER CALLAGHADUGGAN."

I am fearful the reader will be wearied by occasionally meeting with the same observations throughout this work ; but he will, doubtless, pardon the repetition, when he is aware of the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of calling to mind every thing that has been written in the six foregoing volumes. However, one truth will bear repeating, and it is this : That although it would not be easy for any thinking, unprejudiced man to conscientiously assert, that an interfering Providence is observable in the general affairs of mankind ; yet, there are, in the midst of acute mental anguish, and sore distress, those occasional most welcome and unexpected reliefs, for which a feeling mind cannot help most gratefully exclaiming, “ Thank God ! ” which I did, from my soul, on receiving this generous supply, from the noble-hearted Callaghaduggan.

With as much gratitude as I could properly express, in a Post-script, I returned my acknowledgments, and by that

night's post remitted one half of the sum to the Cottage of Comfort, at Parkgate.

The reader will recollect the pain and anxiety I suffered in behalf of the poor, naked, starving Cuthell, *ci-devant* manager, whom I found almost at the climax of calamity, bedded on filth and ashes, by the furnace of a glass-house in Glasgow.

The reader will likewise recollect my appeal to the public, in behalf of this truly wretched being, through the medium of the Courier paper, which apparently roused the feelings of XX Sheriff Parkins, the juvenile friend and associate of poor Cuthell, when, as he states in his letter, the manager was in the plenitude of his powers as an actor at Carlisle.

It will be remembered, too, that said letter from Parkins inclosed a pound-note, for the use of Cuthell, with a promise to allow him seven shillings a week for the remainder of his life.

This apparent noble conduct drew from me the warmest acknowledgments I

could pen, and led me to place the unfortunate manager under the care of a distant relation, almost as poor as himself, at Greenock, concluding that the seven shillings a week would enable him to spin out the remnant of almost a worn-out existence, being in his eightieth year, in a less miserable way than he had passed the last sixteen in the glass-house.

I had a friend at Greenock, a worthy well-informed bookseller. Mr. Stuart was a man whom no one could know without respecting. Like his friend he chose to think for himself, and our opinions coincided. If he should chance to peruse these pages, he will do me the credit to believe that I have written neither more nor less than I think.

I had related the melancholy history of poor Cuthell to Cheery, and he accompanied me to my friend Stuart's shop, who piloted the way to the miserable garret, where this once, according to Parkins, and from my own knowledge, all accomplished man, lay, on a bed 'tis

true, such a one as it was, suffering under acute bodily pain, want, and wretchedness.

Although the situation of this most unfortunate of human beings, was somewhat superior to that in which I first found him at Glasgow, still it by no means afforded even the shadow of those comforts, which the poor man's age and infirmities required, and which Parkins promised allowance would have supplied.

On inquiring into the cause of such unexpected misery, having been led to expect better things, I was informed that the sum of three pounds only, had been received, through the medium of a gentleman of Glasgow, a merchant of high respectability, the remainder being withheld, for reasons best known to Mr. Parkins.

Good God ! and is it possible ! thought I, after all this ostentatious display of feeling for juvenile attachment, and antiquated misery, after reprobating the uncharitable conduct of the Glasgow peo-

ple, in permitting such an object to exist for sixteen years friendless and forlorn, after leading me to place him, as I thought, for life under the wing of this friendly patron, who had volunteered his services, to find all these promises die away in the air, gave me an unpleasant sensation. I was unprepared to encounter.

The scene altogether had such an effect upon the amiable feelings of Cheery's mind, that as he sat on the chair, by the bed side, listening to the dreadful tale, he had placed a five-pound note in the old man's hand, observing, "High oh! The Lord bless you, sir, and awaken you to a sense of your lost state." "Awaken, sir?" replied the old man, coughing almost at every word, "do you think I have been asleep for eighty years, sir." "High ho! dear heart alive—you do not understand me, sir; I meant spiritual sleep, slumbering in wickedness." "In whiskey you mean, sir, I have committed no sin, that I know of, but whiskey has been the

cause, custom, sir, habit—I am a Scotchman, and used to a wee droppie; Mr. Romney, that bottle if you please.”—When I had reached him the bottle Cheery thus proceeded—“But don’t you know, that stage plays and players are an abomination in the sight of the Lord.” “Yes, sir, in the sight of the late Lord Lonsdale, when he put us all in Carlisle goal—plays, sir.” Then making an effort, roused by the subject and the contents of his bottle, “Plays, sir!”

“I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play, have by the very cunning of the scene, been so struck to the soul, that presently they have proclaimed their malefactions.” “Players, sir! they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times—the stage, if rightly understood.”—Here his exertions overcome him, and he sunk on the pillow, to the great alarm of poor Cheery, who conceiving him to be dying, and fearing the consequence of his leaving this world with the stage

in his mouth, leaned over him, and in a pious tone, inquired, "Shall we send for a minister?" This roused the latent spark of almost exhausted nature, and the old man turning up his sunk eyes with a look, more of anger than of sorrow, replied, "Send for the devil, sir." Had a gun been suddenly discharged in his ear, it could not have alarmed the sensitive nerves of Cheery more than this unexpected reply from one whom he conceived to be in a dying state, and he precipitately withdrew from the bed, lifting up his hands and eyes, at the same time heaving a heavy sigh, and as soon as the old man recovered his breath he proceeded, "Sir, you'll excuse me—I hate parsons—they have injured me—and through life endeavoured to deprive me of bread—in this town, thirty years ago, they preached against me—and instigated their congregations to mob and abuse me—threatening to pull the Theatre about my ears—they place their affections on things above, they say—yet are the most greedy peo-

ple here below—not content with making folks miserable in this world, they tell them they will be so in the next, and so they will if there are any parsons there. Oh dear!—I am very poorly, and would rather die than live; but, I cannot help speaking my mind—you'll excuse me, sir, I hope you are not a parson.”

These sentences were spoken with difficulty, through shortness of breath, but it was easy to perceive that a fixed hatred to the ecclesiastical establishment, in his own country, as well as others, was amongst the list of his besetting sins.

Through life he bore the character of a bold intrepid man, singular in his opinions, and strong in his antipathies, who generally spoke his mind, let the consequence be what it would; and these peculiarities neither poverty nor sickness could amend.

CHAP. VIII.

It is reported of him, that having, some thirty years ago, engaged a large room in the town of Kendal, in which he meant to erect his Theatre, when he arrived for that purpose, at the appointed time, he found the proprietor had let the room in the interim, to a sectarian preacher. Enraged at this unfair conduct, and being determind to—"Have his bond,"—he instantly entered the place, and being a strong, athletic man, upset the pulpit, parson, and all, which so alarmed the congregation that each provided for their personal safety, by a precipitate retreat, and left the manager in possession of the room, which he soon appropriated to another purpose.

- But to return from this digression:—

The five pound note given by Cheery, during this time had been forgotten by every one, for the old man, in his weak efforts to express his dislike to Rev. rogues in black, had dropped the note out of his hand, and seemed to think no more about it, although every thing around displayed the greatest poverty.

“To what base uses may we not return.” This object of the miser’s worship, this white man’s God, this pride of Threadneedle-street, this idol of all degrees, from the prince to the pedlar, I perceived floating on the surface of a certain utensil, that projected from beneath the bed, and by the assistance of a pair of tongues I was enabled to remove it from its unsavoury situation, which, when the old man observed,—“I see, sir, the bank note is going to pot before its time.” So that even on his death-bed, so prevalent is habit, the opportunity of making a pun could not escape him.

We then left him, and the astonished Cheery, on our way to the Inn, indulged

himself occasionally as we went along with, "High ho! is it possible?—Hates the preachers,—holy men, and called—Players! players! Lord keep me from players!"

Little thought this good intentioned being, that the person whom he had favoured with his company and his confidence, was a member himself of that very profession he held in such abhorrence.

What a pity, that demon of discord, that common disturber and destroyer of all social comfort and friendly feeling, between man and man, called prejudice, should sap and undermine the very bulwork and foundation of all religion—brotherly love.

We found O'Scroggins, Murtoch and his family, waiting for us at the Inn, Murtoch having disposed of the family livery, in exchange for a decent suit of sables, in which he appeared to considerable advantage. Podo and Pickaninney had likewise felt the effects of Murtoch's prosperity, for a change of apparel was visible through the family.

The expressive eye of poor Murtoch shot forth a gleam of present happiness, pleasing to behold.

“The good old crater, my lady, wid de hard names, yer honours, that’s now left behind, in what they call the high lands, may the blessing of Saint Patrick be wid her; always called the lawyers tormentors, yer honours, and so de are, for my poor father was tormented wid old lawyer O’Halloran for many a year; becace why, he would’nt give up his beautiful flower-garden, covered wid five acres of mealey prates.—He used always to call the lawyers black cats, becace he said they’d pull out yer eyes, and then spit in the holes, but its a mighty different thing here at this same Greenock; ah! de tormentors! they are mighty polite and uncommonly civil, you know, for when I had signed the writings, for which they paid themselves twenty pounds out of what I was to receive, they gave me a paper, “Received of Murtoch O’Serrogins, Esq. and gentleman.”—Ah, to be

sure, how a little money alters a body, its not a long time ago that it was plain Murtoch, hogging prates in a smock frock, at Ballinamuch, and now its Squire O'Scroggins, gentleman, in a suit of black superfine, at Greenock."

The poor fellow being now in possession of one hundred a year, landed estate, besides a beautiful flower-garden, as he called it, to grow murphies in, esteemed himself as happy as man could be, and undoubtedly he was so. Possessed of a surplus income, a loving wife and child, not to be sure, of the fairest complexion, but what mattered that? Murtoch was satisfied, and who should complain? likewise enjoying a kind, humane, and feeling disposition, he appeared to me to possess the power of as much happiness as falls to the lot of frail humanity.

It was a pleasure to behold the worthy fellow and his family clinging around him, and I thought I perceived the sin of envy stalking towards me, had not the cottage

of Comfort and its dear inhabitant prevented its approach.

The old party, that is, the alderman, the army contractor, &c. &c. were now separated, each to pursue their respective concerns. Their absence was certainly no great loss, although their absurdities had added much to our entertainment on the passage; but Murtoch was a severe loss, indeed—his native wit, lively disposition, fidelity, and kindness of heart, rendered him dear and interesting to all who had known as much of him as I had, and it was another tug at the teguments of my sensitive organs, to part from the fellow. However, Cheery having long entertained a strong desire to visit the falls of the Clyde, and witness the reported happiness of the inhabitants of new Lanark, with its amiable establisher and conductor, that real philanthropist Robert Owen, had taken his place in the steam packet, for Glasgow, and I agreed to accompany him.

With this intent we shipped ourselves as private as possible on board the vessel, thinking to avoid the mortification of saying good-bye to any one; but in this we were mistaken, for Murtoch, having by some means, procured intelligence of our departure, made the utmost haste to the water-side, and just as the boat was on the point of leaving the pier, he came running and roaring out, “Stop the ship, stop the ship!—ah! Mr. Romney, is it you that would be after leaving poor Murtoch, without a kind word at parting; not the smallest account of good wishes at all; ah! yer honour, be after favouring Murtoch with a friendly farewell.”

The good creature held out his honest hand, which I shook most heartily, and sincerely and painfully bade him adieu most likely for ever.

As we entered the Traveller's room in the Tontine at Glasgow, four neat looking men in drab, or brown coloured clothes, were seated in conversation, on the beauties of new Lanark, from which

they had just returned. Now as it was Mr. Cheery's intention to visit this most delightful place, he became interested in the conversation, and observed to me that it would have been his determination to spend the remainder of his days there, had he not been informed that religious worship was not permitted within the limits of Mr. Owen's jurisdiction.

One of the *friends*, for such they proved to be, overhearing his last words, addressed him as follows: "Thou art mistaken, friend; real, vital religion is to be met with at new Lanark as frequently as amongst any equal number of Christians.

"They are left to themselves to worship in the way they think best—and that is the best way—does not thou think so, friend?"

"High ho! we are told 'how are they to be converted without a preacher? and how are they to preach unless they are called?'"

"Thou art right, friend in one sense,

but not in another ; there are many kinds of calls, one man is called to fifty pounds a-year, and he comes slowly ; another is called to a hundred pounds a-year, and he quickens his pace ; a third is called to a thousand pounds a-year, and comes running ; in fact, this kind of calling is a money getting business, and has nothing to do with the kingdom of Christ, which is spiritual ; but the true call, which the apostle meant, is a mental feeling, an emotion of the soul, clothed in humility, an inward conviction that we are possessed of a power from above, to communicate glad tidings, not a call to fat benefices, and to appear in disguise in gowns and big wigs, but spontaneously to breathe forth the truth in the spirit of good-will to all mankind, without *fee* and without *emolument*."

Cheery made no reply to this, but wrapped in astonishment, rose, and folding his arms walked slowly to the other end of the room, apparently in deep meditation. But what was the surprise

of the quakers, when Cheery turned from them, they discovered his pig-tail, for previously they had looked upon him as one of their own sect, his dress and address warranting the conclusion.

“Thou art not then of our opinions, friend?” observed the same person, as he had viewed the small appendage at the back of his head.

“Why yes, I much approve of what you are saying, but—High ho!—I am”—He was proceeding, I have no doubt, to inform the worthy friends, that he was of the Methodist persuasion, and that he believed in every thing, when a tall, athletic person entered the room, and commanded the attention of all present.—His hair was somewhat sandy, and rather thin on the fore part of the head; to provide for this deficiency, a sprinkling of powder was applied; the lower part of his face seemed buried in immense whiskers, the dog’s ears, as they are sometimes called, or stiff-neck collar, reached nearly to his cheek-bones, around

which a handsome silk handkerchief, *a-la-Belcher*, terminated in the best exquisite Bond-street knot. Beneath a light drab coat, made in the first hunting frock fashion, appeared a pink and white striped waiscoat, with a sham, or two, of blue and red satin peeping from under at the breast; doe-skin small clothes, white top boots, gilt spurs, with a broad brimmed white hat, and an immense cluster of gold seals attached to an elegant gold chain, drawn through the waistcoat button-hole.

Thus equipped he stood before us, rubbing his chin with the silver-handle of a neat horse-whip. All was silence, when having reconnoitered the company, he lounged towards the window, seemingly on the best of terms with himself.

The whisper immediately ran round, "Who is he? where does he come from?" No one knew. But a cunning Scotchman, who sat taking snuff by the fire, fearful that so fine a man should be thought to be of any country but his own, replied,

in a low voice, and significant look, "I ken him, sirs, I ken him, its his *Grace the Duke of Buccleuch*."

"The devil it is," exclaimed a traveller who was casting up his accounts at another table, and precipitately placing his books, swatches, &c. into a little green bag, cocked up his quizzing-glass and began to examine his Grace from head to foot, with serious attention; but soon, as if some comic thought had struck him, endeavoured, with some difficulty, to stifle a laugh, and taking up a newspaper, obviously to avoid being noticed, made no further observation.

The waiter, who was busied in laying the cloth, had overheard the Scotchman's assertion with astonishment, when his Grace, in a tone of authority, inquired, "Has the man brought my luggage out of the carriage?" "Yes, my *Lord*." "Give him half-a-crown." "It shall instantly be done, your *Grace*."

At each of these replies, the stranger looked at the waiter with a kind of smil-

ing astonishment, more particularly as he bowed to him most obsequiously on leaving the room. This conduct of the waiter's confirmed most of the company in the Scotchman's opinion, and it was amusing to observe how his countrymen, of whom there were two in the room, pressed to obtain a seat near his *Lordship* at the table; and the waiter, though pretty nimble, had no chance in supplying his *Grace*, for even before they were called for, pepper, salt, vinegar, mustard, &c. crowded round his plate, like the towers of a besieged castle; best dishes were handed him, and the old servile coinciding cant, "*Exactly—just so,*" were ready for every thing that fell from his gracious lips.

CHAP. VIII.

One of the worthy Quakers, his lordship happening to sit near a turkey, observed,—“ Friend, I’ll thank thee for a piece of that fowl,” upon which Cheery, who sat near the Quaker, much hurt that proper obeisance was not paid to *dignities*, observed, in a low voice, “ He’s a *lord!*” “ Friend,” replied the Quaker, with much urbanity in his countenance, “ I see thou art unacquainted with our opinions and habits of thinking. Friend, we acknowledge no *lord*, but the *Lord Jesus Christ*, and we consider all titles as frivolous, and worse than useless, except the title of a good *christian*, and an *honest* man. Cheery looked delighted at these observations, and turning to me observed, “ Mr. Romney, these are a most wonder-

ful people. High ho ! wicked sinner that I am, would I were like them.”—“ Indeed they are, my friend, a wonderful people, and it is an honour to our country, that England may boast of, first establishing, encouraging, promoting, and now, more than ever, respecting that amiable, peaceable, and most consistent body of professing christians, called *Quakers*.

When the cloth was drawn, the president gave “The King,” upon which one of the friends observed, “ We wish the King’s good health and happiness, as much as thou doest friend, but we never *drink* healths.”

The cunning Scotchman then rose, and observed, “ that as we were honoured by the presence of an illustrious nobleman, of the highest rank, whose public, private, and *religious conduc* did the highest credit tul himsal, his noble kindred, and the country that was blessed with the honour of giving him birth”—“ Blarney,” observed the smiling traveller in a low voice. The Scotchman, however, proceeded, “ I

esteem this, gentlemen, as the proudest day of my life, to have the felicity of of calling your attention tul an exalted character whose muckle virtues"--"That's right, my boy, go it again, the fat sow will bear greasing," exclaimed the traveller, in a voice audible enough to be heard by the Scotchman, who applying a pinch of snuff, he held between his finger and thumb, to the nasal organ, with an arch look at the traveller, replied, "I dunna ken, sir, what you mean by the fat soo, but I'm thinking yer ane of the *swinish multitude*."

This caused a general smile, and the Caledonian proceeded, "As I was saying, before I was interrupted by this gentleman's *clish-ma-claver*, I look upon this as ane of the proudest days o' my life, for I am favoured with the muckle honour of proposing a toast that I am sure will be drank wi' aw honours—His *Grace* the *Duke* of Buccleuch!" This was drank by all, the Quaker excepted, and his Grace drank it likewise. A silence

ensued, which was broken by the following observation from his Grace : “ Why what are ye a’ter, my masters ? there’s a *lark* going on amongst ye, I see—I’m not *fly*—but if any one will tip me the *office* I have no objection to a lot of fun, and whether you give me the part of the Duke, or the Duchess, I’ll fill it to the utmost of my ability.”

Astonishment was visible on almost every countenance but the smiling traveller, who, unable to contain himself any longer, held up his glass, being at the other end of the table. “ Mr. Bradbury, your health, sir.” “ Thank you, sir ; you are the only person in company who chooses to call me by my right name ; but I suppose this is a hoax of my old friend, and first manager, who sits upon your right hand.

As this was undoubtedly applied to me, I arose and approached the individual, that I might obtain a closer view of this singular character. When, strange to tell, I found myself enabled to extricate

from within a wood of whiskers, the features of Robert Bradbury, the celebrated clown, from Drury-lane Theatre, whom the reader will recollect, in the second volume of this work, made his first appearance under my management, in the Liverpool Theatre, many years ago.

“What,” continued he, “did you not know me, Mr. Romney?” After shaking him by the hand, I plainly told him that time and dress had so completely metamorphosed him, that till that moment I could not call to mind his person.

This was a subject, and justly too, of laughter, for the principal part of the company, but it was lost on Cheery and one of the Quakers, who were busy discussing the merits of infant baptism, and I was rather surprised to find Cheery had removed his seat to the opposite side of the table, which he afterwards informed me, arose from his having found that the worthy *friends* used no baptism at all.

I was rather gratified to find that this

good man had not overheard the title of manager applied to me, by Bradbury, because that would at once have discovered what I had long laboured to conceal from him, I mean my profession, to which his prejudice had led him to entertain a most inveterate hatred. Not on account of any evil tendency he had perceived arising from it, for he literally knew nothing about it, never having seen or read a play in his life, but from the maledictions thundered forth by the preachers against plays, play-houses, and all those who visit such places of entertainment, lest that penny should be dropped at the Pit door, that they would rather hear jingle on the *pulpit-plate*, an almost constant visitor from one excuse or another, at Methodist meeting houses.

The friends soon left the room ; and as it was rumoured that one of them had lately opened a hosier's shop, it was curious to observe with what alacrity two travellers from Nottingham rose from the table, took up their pattern books, and

prepared to sally forth ; but the smiling rider, who seemed up to every thing, observed, “ Pray, gentlemen, don’t leave us, but take another glass, and then hark forward to the *Salt market*.” The request was agreed to, when the cunning Scotchman observed, “ May I ask, why all this bustle amongst you gentlemen of the road, when a Quaker is known to set up business ?”

“ I’ll tell you, sir, Travellers are subject to heavy losses from roguish customers, in various ways, and when there is a chance of an order from an honest individual, it puts a man on the alert to endeavour to obtain it.

“ And how do ye ken the Quaker is an honest man ?”

“ When did you ever hear of a Quaker being otherwise ?” “ Very seldom, indeed.”

“ Sir, a Quaker, besides the certainty of your money, gives you less trouble than other poeple ; he tells you at once what he wants, and what price he will give for your goods, from which he never

varies, and with him the fair tradesman avoids the numerous contemptible tricks by which many shopkeepers are in the habit of defrauding the manufacturer, such as deducting for pretended short measure; ordering twice as many goods as they want, in order to choose out of the lump, and under some frivolous excuse return the remainder at the maker's expence. Then the traveller's bill at his Inn, is not enlarged by being obliged to stuff and cram his customer, for if you invite Aminadab, he tells you plainly he will not come. Then, again, if you don't call on the day that payment is due, he remits the money—I'll tell you what, sir, orders at present in our way are not difficult to obtain; but a good and safe customer is; and when I place the name of a Quaker in my order-book, it is as valuable to me as Abraham Newland's."

During this account, the other rider, who had prepared for departure, was observed sidling towards the door, when the smiling traveller, whom nothing escaped,

in a good humoured way took him by the arm, “ Come, come, my good sir, start fair, for I see here will be a race to broad brim’s shop; but do’nt you think, gentlemen, you had better toss up for the chance, than run from hence to the *Salt-market*; it will be disgraceful to see two respectable gentlemen hosiers, from Nottingham, in such a contest through the streets of Glasgow; besides the unpleasantness of the two gentlemen in the same business meeting for the first time in the same shop.”

The competitors paused awile, and at last agreed to decide the matter according to their friend’s advice. This was accordingly done, and the chance was won by the traveller who spoke so well in favor of the quakers, at which I must confess I was well pleased, for I have entertained through life a strong predilection in favor of this excellent body of people.

Not having seen Bradbury for many years, and entertaing a high respect for

his integrity, industry, and talent, by which he had raised himself from obscurity to the highest pitch of eminence, in the way of life he had chosen, I left Cheery, who had taken out his little red bible, and was solacing himself in the tenth chapter of Nehemiah; and drawing my chair close to Mr. Bradbury, with a strong desire to hear something of his history, during the many years that had elapsed since I first knew him, and in particular the circumstance that took place at Portsmouth some years ago, in which he cut so conspicuous a figure in the London papers.

With his usual good nature, and few people possessed more, he entered into a detail of what had happened to him in almost all Circuses, amphitheatres, and play-houses in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for the last ten years, a full account of which would be by much too prolix for insertion, having already, I fear, wearied the reader's patience.

The Portsmouth business, however, as it is a fact, carrying with it considerable interest, I will endeavour to relate as accurately as memory will permit.

CHAP. XX.

Robert Bradbury, the celebrated clown, having arrived at a pitch of excellence that is not exceeded by any one, and equalled by few, was admired in his business, and respected as a man. He was athletic, active, and possessed likewise considerable pugilistic skill, to which his friends had frequently been indebted for their escape in Tom and Jerry rows, and many a poor distressed female from the insults of a set of beasts, who call themselves men. He had profited sufficiently by his public exertions, to keep himself above want, or mean actions, being of an independent spirit.

His principal hobby or extravagance being dress, and in that he out dandied dandyism, his costume was always ex-

pensive and generally singular; he dressed in the pink of the mode, and far beyond it, for though his clothes were of the first quality, the general display, seldom dove-tailed, there was always a glaring assemblage of contending colours, as far from uniformity, as a carriage drawn by four beautiful blood horses of different colours, size and make. However, by his dress he made his way into the most respectable company, in which he never lost ground by any act of imprudence or incivility. This unexceptionable conduct always rendering his second visit more desirable than the first.

Amongst many his superiors in rank and fortune, that honoured him with their notice, the late much regretted Francis Dukenfield Astley, Esq. of Dukenfield Lodge, in Cheshire, paid him strong marks of attention, and together with many acts of kindness, made him a present of an elegant gold snuff-box, value forty pounds.

Being engaged on very advantageous

terms in the Portsmouth Theatre, he pitched his quarters at the principal Inn at that town, which at that time happened to be full of most respectable people, waiting for a passage to India.

As he dined daily at the ordinary, his dashing appearance and peaceable, gentlemanly conduct, soon brought him on terms of intimacy with all the juvenile part of the visitors, many of whom were younger sons of respectable families whose interests lay in India, and were going as Cadets, or in some other line of promotion. Amongst the rest there was a genteel young man, of a family that ranked considerably higher than any of the rest, whose social powers and convivial disposition led him to fill the president's chair, each day, with a degree of address, that caused the bottle to circulate sometimes more rapidly than prudent. But this was no inducement to Bradbury, with whom drinking was not a besetting sin, and no persuasion could lead him to take more than half-a-glass, whilst others filled bumpers.

There was likewise a young man amongst this daily dinner party, a most prodigious dandy, above the reach of Bradbury, with all his rings, whiskers, whips, and spurs, but quite a different character, for he was literally a conceited coxcomb, and an ignorant puppy, whilst Bradbury, though a dandy in appearance, had the spirit and mind of a man.

Although this youngster dined daily at the ordinary, his aunt, an ill-looking widow, on the wrong side of forty, and her daughter, a handsome girl of blooming sixteen, were at private lodgings, having accompanied him to Portsmouth, merely as an excursion of pleasure, and to see him set sail for India.

It will, perhaps, be recollected, for the circumstance at that time was frequently noticed by the London papers, that Bradbury had a domesticated bear, a present from a captain of a ship, who brought the animal from abroad. The creature was so tame that, unfettered and unrestrained, he followed his master like a dog, with-

out the smallest attempt to injure any one.

The fame of this curious docile animal, had spread amongst the party at the ordinary, and Bradbury was requested one day after dinner to introduce bruin to the company, which he did to their no small astonishment; for from the hands of each individual he received a piece of bread, and took it as gently as a lap-dog.

To see so large, powerful, and of the kind, beautiful, an animal, so docile in his disposition, gave general satisfaction, nay, he even played like a dog with his master, and rolled on the floor with him, in the greatest glee and good humour.

Every one seemed in love with bruin, but the exquisite dandy, became prodigiously grand upon the occasion, and with true Corinthian address, gave himself many disgusting airs.

“Ugly wretch—filthy brute—fit only for a pig-stye—wondered that people of respectability should permit such a nuisance.” This, it may naturally be con-

cluded, after the general satisfaction shewn by the company, at whose request the animal was introduced. awakened Bradbury's resentment, and it was with difficulty he restrained his speech. At last poor bruin, having been fed with bread by all the company, the dandy excepted, instinctively came to his side, and seating himself on his hinder quarters, looked wistfully up, as much as to say, "Won't *you* give me something?" When the dandy, in much agitation, taking a small pistol from his pocket, swore, if the beast was not removed, he would shoot him.

Upon which Bradbury arose, and instantly conveyed bruin to his kennel; then returning, seated himself by the side of his adversary, who in continuation of the conversation that had passed, observed, "I wonder why the disgusting creature should single me out as an object of brutal attention?"

Bradbury, who could contain himself no longer, replied, "Because you are the greatest puppy in the company."

These words were no sooner uttered than the other threw a glass of wine in his face. This was what Bradbury wanted as a just excuse for punishment, and instantly rising from his seat seized the collar of his opponent with his right hand, and his waistband with the other ; then by a most energetic effort, held him at the full stretch of his arms, kicking and sprawling like a roasting lobster, holding him above his head, and in that state carrying him round the room, exclaiming, “ A flying dandy ! a flying dandy ! gentlemen ;” and then placing his burthen on the floor, “ Now, young man,” said he, “ you have had a fly ; there’s the water,” continued he, pointing towards the sea, “ and your next excursion shall be a swim, unless you quit the room this instant.

There was no occasion for a repetition of the last sentence, for his dandyship, little suspecting he had such a Sampson to deal with, made a dart, and with astonishing expedition left the room.

Considerable interest and some alarm was caused by this affray, for many were apprehensive that the pistol produced on account of the bear, might be discharged at its master; but either through alarm or cowardice, his only means of defence was neglected.

All danger being past for the present, the evening concluded in the greatest harmony.

It cannot be supposed that this dandy, exquisite as he was, would suffer such a disgrace to pass away unnoticed, if any satisfaction was to be had, without endangering spoliation of his person. For this purpose a legal adviser was consulted, to know whether an action could not be maintained, either against the bear, or his master; but he was informed, from having committed an assault on Mr. Bradbury, he was justifiable in making resistance, and as to prosecuting the bear, he would scarcely find a solicitor who would undertake so brutal a cause, poor bruin being deficient in pecuniary re-

sources, otherwise, if the devil were to enter an action against an angel, provided his satanic majesty had money enough, attorneys might be found to prosecute, and advocates to justify the proceeding.

The dandy, having failed in legal redress, avoided the ordinary in future, and silently meditated revenge in some other way.

One evening Bradbury, who generally witnessed the three first acts of the play, observed two well-dressed females enter the box, in which he was seated, and politely handed them to their seats. They were equally strangers to each other; the ladies knew not who they were conversing with, and he little thought his dandy opponent's relatives were the two females to whom he so happily introduced himself.

The elderly lady, who proved to be the aunt, added to a deformed person, features that bespoke a mind equally crooked, whilst the expensive frippery of

her dress plainly signified that she had no objection to a second husband.

Our hero's dashing appearance, whiskers, watch, chain, silver whip, and gold snuff-box, together with a tall, well proportioned person, made such an impression on the elder lady, that fancying his attentions were chiefly produced by her attractions, flattered herself a conquest was made, and that the elegant stranger, for such she designated him, had fallen a victim to her superior charms.

Time passed pleasantly; all parties were pleased—the *old* lady was pleased with Bradbury—Bradbury, was pleased with the *young* lady—and the young lady was pleased with the play.

The period now arrived that the clown should throw off the gentleman, and dress for his part; he therefore rose to take leave of the ladies, and with his best stage-bow observed, that the gratification he had received in their company led him ardently to wish for a renewal of that

pleasure a previous engagement would now rob him of; and, if he might be honoured by permission to wait on them on the following morning, his happiness would be complete. Upon which the elder lady presented him with her card, seemingly much gratified by the proposal, and in all probability set down our pantomimic hero as a person moving in the higher circles.

The clock struck ten the following morning, when the professor of the "light fantastic toe," true to his appointment, was ushered into an elegant apartment, where, to his agreeable surprise, sat the young lady alone, who affably rose to apologize for her aunt's absence, adding, the mortifying intelligence, that in a few minutes she would join them.

The beauty and affability of this sweet girl had made a strong impression the night before; but the effect of a morning dress, the ease which the absence of full dress etiquette admits of, in a well educated young woman, whose charms

seemed to have received increased lustre from refreshing rest and the fineness of the morning, so rivetted the last night's impression, that our professor of dumb-show stood motionless, unable to pourtray any character, but that of an immoveable statue.

CHAP. XXI.

The unaffected simplicity of this full blown rose proved an antidote to the effect her charms had produced, and our encouraged hero accepted the offer of a chair, at the same time with difficulty stammering out something to prove that he was not altogether as stupid as he looked.

But chance, or necessity, or whatever philosophers may please to call it, which often works wonders, either for or against the success of lovers, threw a book in the way which, to use a maritime phrase, soon brought the parties to closer quarters.

“ You were reading, madam ? ” “ Yes, sir ; we are fond of theatricals, and this is the life of an actor.”

Think not, reader, that I exaggerate or set down aught in vanity—but this book—this very book, was neither more nor less than one of the former volumes of this work.

“ I am well acquainted, madam, with the contents of that book, as well as with its author. If you will have the goodness to look at page 349, volume III. you will find my name brought forward in a conspicuous manner.”

He then pointed out the passage, upon which she remarked, “ Is then your name Bradbury, sir ?”

“ It is, madam.”

“ Perhaps the same person that afforded so much entertainment on the stage last night ?”

“ The same, madam.”

“ Is it possible ?” she replied, with a look of astonishment, but not displeasure, or disappointment, for her artless mind had never yet been polluted by sordid motives, and with a pleasant look, she added, “ Oh, sir, I liked you vastly.”

Not all the plaudits of crowded houses and overflowing benefits, could convey to the mind of a pennyless performer a gleam of delight more welcome than this sentence to the love-stricken heart of poor Bradbury.

He sighed—and smiled, and drew his chair a little nearer; and with honest boldness observed, “I came to tell you honestly, madam, who and what I am, though fearful my occupation might lessen me in your esteem.”—“Oh no, sir, merit in any honest way ought rather to increase than lessen our esteem.”

Again the chair advanced a trifle nearer, drawn by the overpowering magnet of female attraction, an impulse that no man, who is deserving of the name, can withstand; and gently taking her hand, he continued, “My situation in life, sweet lady, for I scorn deceit, most likely ill accords with yours, were it otherwise, and I had a legal right to this fair hand, I should be the happiest of human beings.”

In the simplicity of her heart, this artless girl immediately replied, unconscious of his meaning, "Oh! sir, nothing would give me more pleasure than to make you or any one else happy." Bradbury, who comprehended as little of her meaning as she did of his, and looking upon this as an admission of strong partiality in his favour, continued, "And would you then become my wife?" The report of a gun in the ears of a nervous patient, could not have produced a more instantaneous and visible effect, than this blunt unexpected question! attended as it was with an honesty of countenance, that spoke more for him than hours of small talk, and produced such a conflict between astonishment, fear, delicacy, and perhaps a slight prepossession, that the alternative emotions of her mind were visible in every fascinating lineament of her countenance. The fine rosy tint of health left her cheek, and gave way to lily pale, and instantly returned in deepest crimson hue, whilst on her fine blue

downcast eyes, there appeared a glistening tear, the effervescence of a sensitive mind. These emotions passed not unobserved by our lover, appearing to his enraptured fancy a tacit acknowledgment of all he wished or desired upon earth, and now confident of success, he eagerly pressed her hand to his lips.

It seems as if an evil genius accompanied human efforts, and stood at one's elbow through life, always ready to upset the cup of comfort whenever it approached the lip.

Our hero, now in his own mind, had nearly reached the climax of human happiness, but the demon of discord was near, and he knew it not; for the door flew open, and the widow, in gaudy attire, stood, as it were, panic struck, as he pressed to his mouth the fair hand of her daughter.

Now this widow, covered with the "trappings and the suits" of folly, bedizened out, to make her evening's conquest more secure, at the same time

setting down in her own mind a baronet at least as the fruits of her victory, found herself unpleasantly convinced, by ocular demonstration, what her toilet had failed to inform her of, that age and ugliness, with the aid of dress, could not compete with youth and beauty, even in *dishabille*.

Disappointment, chagrin, mortified pride, and violence of temper, produced such a whirlwind of passion, that the eruption of a volcano would have overwhelmed the victim of her rage, had not nature sunk under these complicated stimulants, and she dropped on the sofa in violent hysterics.

Bradbury, who had never witnessed a scene of this kind before, ran to her assistance, whilst her daughter, unconscious that she was the cause that produced such violent effects, found herself, by the sudden alarm, nearly in the same state; however, she summoned strength to advance, and render every assistance in her power. Little attention, however,

was necessary, for in half a minute the delicate widow rose precipitately, stamped her foot on the floor, and looking daggers at her affrighted niece, rang the bell with such force, that the rope broke in her hand, and when the servant entered, pointing to the unfortunate lover, exclaimed, with the face and voice of a fury, "Shew that *man* out of the house."

It was in vain for him to stammer, and look foolish; she soon silenced him by again stamping on the floor, and loudly vociferating, "Go out, I say, you wretch!" and he instantly departed.

The feelings that would naturally arise in the mind of any one similarly situated, it may easily be conceived would not be overpleasing.

The miserable situation he had unintentionally placed the first female that had ever made a virtuous impression on his heart; the consequence that might arise from the violence of her aunt's disposition; how to relieve her, shut out, as he undoubtedly would be, from

further intercourse. In this state of meditation he sauntered slowly towards the sea side.

The day was hot, and on the shore were many bathers. Various schemes arose in his mind, in hopes to hit upon some one, likely to procure him a second interview, but none appeared feasible, and dejection, bordering on despair, overspread his mind.

But his better fate brought about what otherwise would have been, with difficulty, accomplished.

His meditations had led him near a mile by the water-side, before he began to notice how far he had wandered, and having just turned a small point of land, he stopped to reconnoiter, when, within a few yards of the place on which he stood, there lay the costume of a man, made in a stylish form, and casting his eyes towards the water, he beheld the owner swimming at a small distance from the shore. Being an adept in athletic ex-

ercises of almost every description, he stood some time an attentive observer.

The person was, evidently, making towards the shore, and seemingly with much difficulty; at last he sunk, exclaiming, "Cramp! cramp!"

Bradbury, who was in general, if any thing, rather too forward in venturing himself, when by his personal prowess, or by the lightening his purse, there appeared an opportunity of serving a fellow creature, threw off his hat and coat, and without hesitation plunged into the water, and as the unfortunate person came up the third time, caught hold of his hair, and dragged him into shallow water, then took him into his arms, and carried him on shore.

Animation was not entirely suspended, but having swallowed much salt water, sickness overpowered him, and it was not till nature had assisted, by discharging the contents of his stomach, that he could articulate, which at last he feebly did, "Sir, I thank you, for you have saved

my life." But what was his deliverer's surprise to find the being he had rescued from a watery grave, was no less a person than his dandy opponent at the ordinary dinner.

The young man, recovering by degrees, looked up at his deliverer, but knew him not; indeed it was very improbable he should, for the water had entirely disfigured him. Doe-skin breeches, white top boots, dashing waistcoat, stiff collar, silk handkerchiefs—all had lost their elasticity, colour, and attraction, and clung to his body like wet brown paper.

Gratitude, however, seemed to be the first feelings in this young man's breast, for all dandies are not merely blocks to brush coats upon, and having, with assistance, put on his clothes, a countryman passing was dispatched for a chaise. In the mean time the dripping state of Bradbury's clothes awakened strong marks of sympathy.

"You have ventured much, and suffered much for my sake, sir; how can I

make you amends?"—then looking more steadfastly at him, "Surely sir—do I mistake?—are you Mr. Bradbury?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, a mutual reconciliation took place, and the young man presenting his card, insisted on their dining together that day, at his lodgings.

It will be recollected that our hero was unacquainted with the degree of consanguinity that existed between this young man and the female who had made so instantaneous an impression on his mind; and on the other hand, his host had not the most distant idea that his aunt and sister had any knowledge of Bradbury.

The chaise arrived, and our hero was dropped at his Inn, who promised to be punctual at the dinner hour.

The number on the card he had received, and the street being the same he had visited that morning, left an impression that, in all probability, as this was a Lodging-house, apartments might be oc-

cupied by others, and some fortunate occurrence might gain him, if not an interview, at least, perhaps, a sight of this all-attractive female.

The dinner hour arrived, and Bradbury, true to the moment, stood before the door, as neat and as smart, as natty clothes and clean linen could make him.

The servant having shown him into the drawing-room, retired. "How's this?" thought he, "the same apartment—surely there must be some mistake!" The young man now made his appearance, and again taking his hand, warmly repeated his grateful thanks, observing, that as he was indebted to him for his existence, he could only add to the obligation by pointing out some way that he might serve him in return.

"But, Mr. Bradbury," he continued, "although my aunt and sister are aware that a gentleman dines with me to-day, they are not acquainted with his name or his profession, I thought it best to keep them in the dark regarding the

the latter, for though *I* respect you none the less on account of your calling, and they were highly delighted with your representation of *Mother Goose* the other evening ; yet my aunt, I'm sorry to say, to a bad temper, adds an immoderate stock of family pride, and I do not wish that you, to whom I owe so much, should, at my table, meet with coolness or hauteur, which, perhaps, had your profession come to her knowledge, might, I fear, have taken place.

CHAP. XXII.

The scene now became interesting to all parties, and to a by-stander acquainted with the plot, must have had a farcical effect. He had scarcely finished his speech when the two ladies entered the room, and when they observed the unfortunate individual, who, a few hours ago, had been so abruptly turned out of the house; and who looked almost as sheepish as he did when he came dripping out of the sea, a stop as sudden was put to progress, as though they each had received a shock from an electrical machine.

But the feelings of each of the parties varied in quality and degree. The lover, filled with pleasure at the approach of his mistress, and pain at the sight of

her aunt, felt a strong desire to speak; but his tongue faltered when he called to mind what had passed in the morning. The young lady, little expecting another visit, so soon after the unpleasant scene which had recently taken place, felt, it must be confessed, a mixture of pleasure and pain, fear and hope, arising in her mind at the unexpected sight of the only man who had ever yet the boldness to declare an honest attachment for her.

The widow, though considerably cooled, and rather mortified at the indiscretion she was led into by the violence of her disposition, had severely repented the abrupt and unladylike dismissal she had given to a man she liked, on the bare appearance of a slight, which explanation might have done away. Then again, her hasty imprudence in giving an invitation to a strange gentleman, on so slight an acquaintance, was a matter she wished concealed from the knowledge of her nephew. All these ideas flushed at once upon her mind, the moment she entered the room.

The feelings of her nephew were of a totally different nature; they partook not of either love nor jealousy; gratitude was the predominant feature, but when he took his friend by the hand, and led him up to the ladies, introducing him under the title of a gentleman who had that morning preserved him from a watery grave, he was struck with the unaccountable conduct of the parties, who instead of shewing alarm at his danger, and gratefully thanking his preserver, they each in confused agitation turned towards the window, and left the gentlemen to draw what conclusions they thought proper.

From this state of general surprise they were released by the announcement of dinner, and never did four people sit down to a sumptuous meal with less inclination to partake of it.

It sometimes happens that the falling out of real friends is followed by mutual desire for reconciliation, would pride or shame permit any one of the parties to

make the first overtures ; so it was here ; all wished more or less for peace and amity, but none broke the silence.

The young man at the head of the table, after carving an enormous animal, of the feathered kind, attempted first to help his aunt, but being in the habit of frequently styling her mother, inquired, in a jocular way, holding up a wing of the bird on his fork, “ Mother—goose.”—Bradbury applying the words to himself, in a pantomimic sense, began to smile, and as laughing is catching, it quickly passed from one to the other, and a gleam of general good humour almost instantly spread itself through the whole group, every one seeming to have forgotten what had passed, for Goose, and mother Goose, employed the tongue and the teeth, whilst the hob-a-knob of good Madeira seemed to reconcile all parties.

The welcome sun of success began once more to shine upon our hero, and as a better relish to following sweets, the whole party, from tacit distance and un-

moved muscle, launched at once into the opposite extreme; and by way of being distinct, they all spoke at once, in a sort of pleasant unintelligible confusion.

The old lady's family pride gave way to stronger feelings, and although she had been informed, by her niece, of Bradbury's profession, it proved no bar to her wishes, and had things gone on as she wished and expected, there would be no doubt that her person and property, might have been at his disposal, but the all-powerful magnet sat at her left hand, and she knew it not.

The young lady, with an angelic smile, pleased that her aunt had recovered her good humour, although unacquainted with the cause, sat in perfect good humour with all parties, whilst her brother rejoiced to see them all happy, not, however, being able to account for any reason they had to be otherwise.

The wine was of the best quality, and the gentlemen took a moderate share, now and then pledging the ladies, which

the younger regularly declined, and the old one as regularly filled a bumper.— Women of violent passions in one way, frequently are so in others. It was impossible for Bradbury, deeply as his mind was engaged in another quarter, to avoid observing the sighs, and languishing looks that escaped from the aunt, increasing with every additional glass, nay, if he had been blind to them, a gentle squeeze of the hand beneath the table, soon convinced him that a partiality had taken place in a quarter he least expected, and least wished for, which rendered his situation rather unpleasant, for the first advances from a female, even if she is attractive, are frequently rather injurious than beneficial to the party.

The donor of the dower having for a moment left the room, his guest, glad of the opportunity of removing, took the chair, and begged leave to propose the president's health in his absence, to which the old lady tossed off another bumper, at the same time removing to the chair our

hero had just left, so that he had gained no distance from the aunt by this manœuvre, although he had obtained a seat nearer to the niece.

The time, according to fashionable etiquette, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance, having arrived, the object of our hero's admiration rose, and offering her arm to her aunt, which, by the unsteadiness of her gait, appeared to be highly necessary, and as she left the room gave a pleasant look, towards her brother's friend, more welcome to him than all the dinners and wine in the universe.

At the expiration of another hour, spent as pleasingly as the absence of her who occupied all his thoughts would permit, he retired to prepare for his pantomimic exertions, with an earnest request that he would not let a day pass without repeating his visit, "for," said the young man, "though I may not be at home, my aunt and sister will always rejoice to see you."

The stimulus of wine, added to the success he had met with, exceeding his most sanguine expectations, had produced such a degree of extasy, that almost overpowered discretion. Sometimes he would walk — sometimes run — then suddenly stop, and ponder in his mind on what had passed.

For several days our hero made use of the licence given him, and regularly called, in hopes of another interview. But as fate, ill luck, or some adverse power, would have it, the object of his visit was never to be seen — no, not even a glimpse of her charming countenance. In the room of which, the aunt, whose vanity led her to fancy every little civility a mark of strong affection, bored him continually with her company, and created a suspicion in his mind, that the aunt's conduct was actuated by motives of jealousy ; and he, therefore, determined, since a verbal communication was denied him, to attempt a literary one ; for this purpose the servant maid, a prettyish girl, in

whose hand he had frequently dropped an order for the play as he left the house, was fixed upon as his avant courier.

The eye of the lynx cannot be more microscopic, or cat on watch more attentive, than the mind of a violent tempered woman in love is alive to the smallest circumstance that feeds her passion, or promotes her jealousy.

The first letter the servant undertook to convey to the young lady was observed by the old one from an upper window, through which she was leaning, to take a parting view, when our hero accompanying the letter with a small donation, requested it might be punctually delivered.

Swift as the eagle from the mountain tops, she met the girl before she could close the door, "That letter is for me," she vociferated, snatching it out of her hand, and observing the address, "To the most bewitching of all woman kind." Aye, that must be me, whispered vanity in her eager ear, "That letter is worth a guinea, Betty; the dear youth gave you

only half-a-crown, but here is your full pay, and whenever you bring me another I'll repeat it."

The sight of a guinea to the eye of a poor servant, is more refreshing than harts-horn to an old maid, or whiskey to a Scotchman, and pretty Betty placed it in her pocket, in hopes a repetition might speedily take place.

From this moment every letter found its way to the same quarter, and the answers received were as satisfactory as the most ardent lover could expect; not having the least idea they were playing at cross purposes, and conceiving the letters came from the beloved object, he again boldly put the question, "Will you become my wife?" An immediate answer in the affirmative, threw him into extasies, and the next morning at eleven o'clock, was mutually agreed upon as the happy hour that was to bestow on him the most valuable gift that ever mortal was blessed with.

No pen can paint, no mind, except sim-

ilarly impressed, can conceive the enraptured feeling of anticipated felicity that the coming day would produce, busy imagination painted so many scenes of indescribable bliss, that Somnus, with his leaden eye-balls, fled from his couch; and he tossed and tumbled through the longest sleepless night, that he ever before experienced, with the exception of one short interval, when the wearied spirits sunk under the pleasing presence of imaginary bliss.

At that moment, when pressing to his bosom his lovely bride, he awoke, and found a well-feathered pillow supplied her place; indignation and disappointed love, filled his mind with rancour at the disgusting sight, and the offending implement of soft repose, he cast like a loathsome weed away.

CHAP. XXIII.

The glorious sun in splendour rose, and so did the intended bridegroom.—There was not a speck or sully to be seen on his neat doe-skin smalls, and over his boots, Day and Martin shone on each foot like rival mirrors. The patent Bond-street tops were lily white, four new silk shams, pink, blue, green, and yellow peeped from under a gaudy singlet, surrounding a handsome breast-pin, that closed a chitterling of Mecklin lace, coat just launched on the newest London dash—hat, whiskers, whip, were all in ready trim to meet his charming bride.

Breakfast was useless—sent away untasted, and no sailor on his midnight watch in the coldest weather ever paced the deck with quicker step than the im-

patient lover paced the carpet of his room, till the clock struck ten.

Another hour, thought he, taking out his watch, and “I’m the happiest of human beings.” — Half-past ten—adjusted handkerchiefs in the newest tie, and stiffeners in a style of exquisite gentility—then in a sort of anxious fretfulness, he knew not why, and tremulous footstep with licence in his pocket, he approached the venerable pile, where parson and clerk stood ready to make him the happiest of mortals. But no lady had as yet appeared.—Looked again at watch.—A quarter past eleven.—“Very odd”—walked towards the door, watch in hand—but nothing like a carriage to be heard—returned—opened gold snuff-box—parson partook—closed it precipitately—“Here she is: I hear the carriage”—and away like lightning he ran, to hand into the church the beautiful object of his heart’s delight.

But oh! what a sandy foundation is human happiness too frequently erected

on! for when the enraptured lover arrived within a few paces of the carriage, his progress was in a moment arrested, and he stood motionless gazing, as if the king of terrors stood before him. In fact it was the *queen* of terrors; for instead of the girl of his heart, her aunt's head, dressed like a garland for the first of May, protruded through the window of the carriage, smiling and nodding, in full confidence of a rapturous reception.

“ Good heavens!—the old woman!—what is to be done—some mistake must have taken place.” No time was to be lost; but as he was determined to keep up appearances, with a moderate pace he returned into the church, leisurely sauntering through the aisles, as if led by curiosity, and seizing a favourable opportunity, vanished from every view.

The lady in the carriage, bursting with expectation, found herself in a sort of quandary, when she witnessed the sudden retreat of her husband that was to be, who, instead of rapturously handing her

out of her carriage, had thus abruptly left her to herself, and she entered the church in a state of mortified pride, escorted only by her maid-servant and the coachman.

The parson bowed—the clerk looked about for the bridegroom—whilst the widow, in a faltering tone, inquired, “Is there not a gentleman, sir?—a—that is”

“Oh! yes, ma’am, the gentleman has been anxiously waiting for some time—may I ask, are you the lady named, Matilda Hopkins?”

“Matilda Hopkins is my name.”

The clerk beginning to entertain fears lest an unpleasant demur should rob him of his fees, besides the usual present from the happy bridegroom, proceeded to look for him amongst the pews in every part of the church, without effect; at last lifting up the side of his brown wig, and rubbing behind his ear, he paused in a pewless part of the church, where the remains of our lifeless ancestors had for centuries lain undisturbed. Half-cover-

ed tombs, the victims of decay, stood on every side, exposing the remains of mouldering coffins and dry bones, that once, mayhap, well nerved, moved gracefully down the dance, or bravely bore away the standard from his country's foe. In the midst of these the closer of clerical accounts, shrewdly suspecting more than met the eye or ear, in a whisper, exclaimed, "Sir!—sir!—the lady is waiting—you had better come and be married, sir?"

"If I do I'll be d——," a replying whisper answered; but whence it came was yet a mystery.

"Some there are who cannot bear a cat, and some who, when a bagpipe sings ith nose, can't contain their urine;" and many there are who enter a tomb with terror, and approach a coffin with alarm. Custom, however, will reconcile a man to almost any thing, and the clerk, long used to look on coffins as good customers, and saw no grievance in a grave, felt not alarmed at the reply from amongst the

tombs, and at last, with curious eye, discerned our hero stretched out in an old lidless leaden coffin, tenanted eight hundred years ago by the remains, perhaps, of William Rufus, or some such hero of antiquity. Near half the top stone of the tomb was wasted by decay, and the coffin lid had fallen a sacrifice to mercenary marauders, so that a vacancy, large enough to admit the human body, supplied, apparently, a safe retreat, but the argus eye of the retailer of Messrs Sternhold and Hopkins, spied him out, and again whispered, "Sir, you mistake; you came here to be married, not buried."

"Yes, but I would rather be buried than married to that woman; so I'll tell you what, Clerk, shew me some way to escape out of this church unobserved, and here is a crown-piece at your service."

Now though the loyalty, as well as piety, and disregard of worldly riches is proverbial, when applied to almost all who hold a place within the walls of established theology, and the nasal vocifer-

ator of *Amen*, well knew how to set its full value on the crown ; yet, had he been left to his own choice, loyalty would of course have led him to prefer a sovereign ; however, the cash was no sooner in his hand than in his pocket, and beckoning in silence, he pointed towards a small back-door, through which the clown, alert as harlequin, shot like a dart, and a few moments brought him to his Inn, where, dejected, disappointed, and almost sick of existence, he threw himself on a sofa, and might have justly said with Hamlet, “ How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world.”

The clerk returned to the party, and with proper emphasis and discretion, explained every thing, except the crown and coffin. “ The gentleman, that is, the intended bridegroom, walked or rather run, as a body may say, through the back door ; peradventure seized with some sudden indisposition, from which it is to be hoped he may recover, in due

time, to meet the lady on the morrow." Then taking out his watch, with much importance, he proceeded, "For the finger is now on the figure of twelve o'clock, too late for this day's matrimonial purposes."

"Very odd—sudden indisposition, no doubt—dear me!—well, I declare—sorry to have given so much trouble. Good Mr. Clerk, accept this trifle.—Reverend Sir, good morning; your reward is above."

His Reverence coughed, and walked towards the vestry. She then returned at a much slower pace to the carriage than she left it; and as the clerk obsequiously closed the door, he ventured, having always an eye to business, to inquire, in a submissive key, "Shall we expect you again to-morrow, good madam?"

"Why really, Mr. Clerk, that is a question that—oh, gracious me!—I declare the fit is coming on again; I'm very faint—Betty bid the coachman drive on."

"There is, says the immortal bard,

“ a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

The tide of our hero's fortune had now reached the flood, and not being then taken, from that moment began to ebb; and little thought he, as he lay despairing on his sofa, looking upon himself as the most unhappy of human beings, that a cloud hung over his head ready to burst, with a flood of misery, to which his present disappointments were but trifling afflictions.—“Oh! how full of briers is this working day world.”

CHAP. XXIV.

It will be necessary to recall to the reader's mind the description previously given, of the company that attended the ordinary every day, of which Bradbury usually made one. They consisted of younger branches of respectable families, who were on the point of embarking for India, either to mend or make their fortunes; and as was before observed, the young man who filled the president's chair, possessed a degree of pleasantness in disposition, and suavity of manners, that rendered him universally approved, and every proposal that came from him was generally adopted.

The inn was most respectable, both in character and custom; nevertheless, there was scarcely a day passed, that some article belonging to the party was not mis-

sing, which, when the cloth was drawn, furnished conversation; every one had lost something but Bradbury, and now came his turn.

The forty-guinea snuff-box, presented him by the late F. Dukenfield Astley, Esq. had daily circulated round the table for general accommodation, on this afternoon in particular.

Our hero's dejection appeared visible to all, and an extra glass of wine was recommended by the president as a never-failing renovator to the spirits. This advice was followed, yet no one took to excess. The hour of business at the Theatre arrived, and in his hurry to be gone, the box was forgotten. On his return in the evening every inquiry was made, in vain, amongst the waiters and the company, but no trace of the box was to be heard of.

This unpleasant circumstance caused some uneasiness, but nothing to the morning's disappointment, for Bradbury was by no means a mercenary character,

otherwise he might have married the widow, and made his fortune ; but he thought with the Caledonian Shakspeare,

“ If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, we may be rich,
But never can be blest.”

For three days the loss of this valuable article became the chief topic of conversation ; every one purposed some mode of inquiry—an application to the magistrates—a general search throughout the whole party ; and the president, who seemed to feel much for so serious a loss, proposed, not probably conceiving that it would be adopted, to send up for one of the Bow-street officers.

The last proposal had previously been undertaken by the landlord, for the credit of his house, and the next day the officer arrived.

“ When sorrows come, they do not come singly, but in battalions.”

Had fate been content with depriving

this poor fellow of his property, the thing might have been got over ; but his greedy evil genius stood at his elbow, ready to add afflictions nearly insupportable.

As soon as the cloth was removed, the landlord informed the party, that an officer was now in the house, who wished to know if his services could be rendered useful in any way for the recovery of the lost property.

By general consent the officer was introduced, and the president very eloquently informed him of the previous articles that had been lost, and in particular the gold snuff-box, value forty guineas.

He then enlarged on the delicacy and the difficulty that attended the inquiry, for to attach suspicion to any one of the respectable gentlemen that sat round that table was impossible, and the search was totally unnecessary ; nevertheless whatever plan was adopted ne would lend every assistance to the utmost of his ability, and the extent of his power.—It was

then agreed, *nem. con.*, that a general search should immediately take place.

Upon which the officer rose, and addressed the president ;

“ Sir ! it is a most unpleasant part of my office, to feel myself under the disagreeable necessity of examining a respectable circle of gentlemen like the present ; but as it is for your own satisfaction, and by your own desire, I hope you will pardon the freedom I shall be obliged to take.”

“ Oh, most undoubtedly, most decidedly,” replied the president, with great eagerness.

“ Then, sir,” continued the officer, “ if you please, we will commence the search with you.” Upon which the president left the chair ; but the search was useless, for nothing but his own property was found upon him.

The search being thus well concluded, the young president, of course, considered his share of it at an end ; but the officer observed, that although the search of

each person present must, of course, take place, yet that alone would not be completely satisfactory, each gentleman's private boxes must undergo an examination; then turning to the president, he continued, I'll, therefore, thank you, sir, for your keys.

This unexpected request was not immediately answered; however, on a sudden, as if just recollecting himself, he replied. "Oh! yes—the keys—surely—most decidedly—by all means—I'll go with you up stairs instantly."

That as little publicity might be given to the examinations as possible, the officer requested that no person would attend but the gentleman whose trunk was to be examined, and the owner of the box.

Accordingly none else attended, and when they entered the room, the young man pointed towards a large trunk, and stood near it in a meditating posture, Bradbury looking over his shoulder,

whilst the officer opened it, and began to examine the contents.

They consisted solely of linen, of the finest sort, calculated for hot climates: shirts, neckcloths, pantaloons, &c. Many dozens were soon spread upon the floor, and the trunk being completely emptied, there appeared no reason to suspect that any thing improper had been concealed in it.

A gleam of satisfaction at this happy conclusion, was apparent on the young man's countenance—but the scrutinizing eye of the wily officer, not satisfied with his first search, ran once more over the shirts, which he unfolded, and shook, one by one; and, dreadful to behold, on opening the seventh shirt—the box—the individual gold snuff-box, dropped on the floor. The officer stooped to reach it, when, in an instant, the unfortunate youth took up a razor, and *cut his throat*, falling in affrighted Bradbury's arms, and covered his face and clothes with blood,

that sprung like a fountain from the wound.

To attempt to describe this scene, would be vain; it must be left to the reader's imagination. Shame, detection, remorse, exposure, all combined to render this misguided youth's existence past all endurance, and caused this violent attempt to end it.

Bradbury's feelings, although a clown, were of a sensitive texture, and when it is considered, that to his sudden surprise at finding his property purloined by the last person he should have suspected, is added the bloody sacrifice that instantly fell into his arms, whilst his face was covered with the warm liquid of life, it must be acknowledged his situation was truly pitiable.

Surgical aid was instantly procured, and providentially the wound was pronounced curable; but the shock that Bradbury's spirits had received required as much medical aid as the other; for the blood having entered his mouth produced

violent sickness, which, together with the horror of his mind, arising from the scene he had witnessed, brought on a degree of fever, on account of which he was advised to keep his room till uninterrupted rest had revived his agitated system.

It was impossible to keep such a circumstance as this a secret; on the contrary, it spread like wild-fire; the papers were full of it, from which I have taken most of this account.

The ladies were soon apprised of it, and considerable alarm filled the minds of both aunt and niece; for each regarded Bradbury, though from different motives, and pretty Betty was sent express to inquire into the truth of the report; but pretty or ugly, women were, at this time, equally uninteresting, for the poor fellow's mind was too much deranged to admit of any ideas, but those of a dreadful kind.

On the the third day the fever increased, and delirium followed, so that it was

thought advisable to confine him to his bed. For this purpose it was necessary to employ men from a neighbouring asylum, five of whom could scarcely accomplish the task, from his resolute courage and great bodily strength, and the blows he at that time inflicted were not soon forgotten, or forgiven, as the sequel will prove.

As the fever and delirium did not abate, it was for some days thought proper, but by whom it is not known, that he should be removed from the inn to the asylum, which, with the greatest difficulty, was accomplished,

In a few days the fever left him, and his senses returned; but his mind was driven back into the same state by the horrid situation he found himself in.—Stretched on a hard mattress, with each ankle fastened to the bed-frame, whilst a strong strait-waistcoat confined both arms. His head had been shaved from the beginning, and he had been blistered and bled copiously. The medicines were

generally administered by force ; in accomplishing which, the men took care to return a part of the chastisement they had received, with the foulest language, nay, as he says, they even spat in his face.

What a falling off was here ; not more than four days had elapsed since he fancied himself the happiest of human beings, possessed of the necessary comforts of life, arising from his profession ; successful with the girl of his heart ; and, as he thought, on the point of marriage ; now, in the situation of a miserable maniac, confined in a loathsome cell, to be beat, abused, or starved at the option of the unfeeling keepers.

It was in vain for him to declare the sane state of his mind ; he was generally answered, “ Madmen always say the same thing ; ” and having suffered so much already from his strength and pugilistic powers, they were cautious and fearful of the consequence that might arise from his liberation.

The unhappy youth, whose sin in coveting his neighbour's goods, and endeavouring to defraud him, had brought with it such a dreadful punishment, was, in a day or two, removed by his powerful friends to some distant part of the country, whilst agents in his interest kept an eye on the supposed maniac; and the report of his confinement and madness was industriously circulated.

To what motive can this harsh and cruel treatment be attributed? Conjecture is all we have to go by, for to this moment, nothing certain has transpired.

Bradbury's property was stolen—the thief detected—he attempted to destroy himself—the only one that could prosecute for the theft was thrown into a fever and delirium, which it was the interest of the opposite party to continue as long as possible, that public feeling might subside, and the culprit escape. The Bow-street runner, finding that no proceedings were likely to take place, returned to town, well rewarded by *some body* for his trouble, and *departure*.

In this state things remained for several weeks, whilst, from ill treatment, physic, blistering, bleeding, &c. our hero became so much reduced, that it was found necessary to alter the system, otherwise the consequences might have been fatal. A more respectable apartment was, therefore, provided, and a convalescent maniac permitted to visit him in his lucid intervals; but still pen, ink, and paper, were not allowed, most probably from a fear that a true statement of his case to his friends who resided in London, might be the means of procuring his liberation sooner than was wished.

CHAP. XXV.

A weak state of body is not always accompanied with a weak state of mind; and Bradbury, scarcely able to walk, passed many a sleepless hour in forming plans for his escape, when returning strength would admit of an effort.

The gentleman who was permitted to visit him, and whose afflicting malady arose from a theological derangement of intellect, often conversed with him on serious subjects; for Bradbury was, what might be called a high church devotee, regular as the clock in his daily attendance, and moral in his conduct; for drinking and dissipation, so common with his fraternity, were not amongst his failings, and I can safely say he always bore the character of an honest man.

One day his maniac companion surprised him by the following observation :—

“It is my opinion, sir, that the orthodox are mistaken—there can be but one God, and being omnipotent, and the essence and fountain of justice and mercy, he cannot have brought beings into existence without their own consent, to make three parts of them everlastingly miserable. The ultimate end of a merciful deity, must be the happiness of his creatures, whatever states of probation they may have to go through before they arrive at it.”

Now Bradbury, who had been brought up to believe every thing he had been taught as holy truths, and had Jack the Giant Killer been bound with the Bible, he would have believed it all without examination, laid all this to the account of derangement of intellect, or he certainly would have resented such blasphemous doctrines, as far as speech would have enabled him ; yet, notwithstanding his deep-rooted prejudice, he could not avoid

saying to himself with Poloneus in the play, "Though this be madness, there's method in it."

After this unusual effort of reason, the poor man's intellect began again to fail, and as nothing was said in reply, he proceeded,

"Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that the reins of Government in this world are placed in my hands?" to which Bradbury archly replied, "I'm glad to hear it, sir, because if you have the reins, be kind enough to drive me out of this place as soon as possible."

"I will, but you must first be baptized."

"I have been," he replied.

"Yes, I understand you, in your infant state, but that won't do, and it is now my duty to perform the ceremony."

Upon which, seizing a certain utensil from under the bed, he approached, with full intent to bestow its contents on the head of the adult, which the other avoided by kicking it out of his hand, and the crash made on the floor brought up the

keeper, who instantly conducted the baptismal bedlamite to his own apartment.

When the human mind, invigorated by returning health, finds nothing to attract its attention but a monotonous view of bare walls, incarceration becomes insupportable, and invention, before oppressed by relaxation of body, now goes to work with redoubled force, and like a giant refreshed, forms schemes for liberation, that in sickness appeared impossible.

Having considerably recovered his health and spirits, and placing great dependance on his strength, agility, and courage, our hero began to examine the bars of his prison windows, and finding one rather loose, by great muscular power and perseverance, he wrenched it out, and found a vacancy was left sufficient to admit of his escape, by taking out the window frame, which would now soon be effected, by the aid of the aforesaid bar. The window looked into a back street, inhabited by poor people, and no great thoroughfare; but the height, although

only on the second floor, displayed a distance too great to drop, with any chance of safety, without assistance.

As Bradbury stood viewing the difficulties he had to encounter through the window, having removed the bar, he luckily perceived Monsieur Duboys, the celebrated pantaloon, from the Theatre, passing by. Determined to awaken his attention, he instantly broke one of the pains of glass with the bar, and the pieces falling about his friend's ears, caused him to look upwards, when observing Bradbury's pale, emaciated face, in a large woollen night-cap, protruded through the fractured window, he knew him not, and conceiving the thing done to affront him, took up a stone, and was on the point of returning the favour with interest, when he was stopped by Bradbury's well known voice, "Duboys, don't you know me?"

"Ah, Mons. Bradbury, what you do dere wid your cap-night? you very much for sick."

Bradbury, in few words informed him

that he had long been incarcerated in that place, and requested him to assist him in his escape, which might be effected by bringing a sort of light ladder that was often used on the stage for balancing, &c. &c.

The foreigner, with the same spirit of philanthropy that filled the breast of the worthy Sir Robert Wilson, when he aided the escape of Lavalette, eagerly engaged in his friend's cause, and promised at nine in the evening to be there; but he did not comprehend, nor could he pronounce the word ladder; however, the kind creature replied, "*We, we,*" to every thing, whether he understood it or not.

When the keeper came with the dinner that day, he was informed by his prisoner that some mischievous boys had demolished the pane of glass with a stone, either by chance or on purpose, and the bar being placed to all appearance firm, no further notice was taken.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the

friendly Frenchman inquired of the stage-keeper, at the Theatre, "Mons. Johnson lend a me for von half hour de little, vot you call de bladder, it is to step great high, for Mons. Bradbury."

It instantly struck the stage-keeper, that the stilts, fourteen feet high, on which Bradbury used to stalk about the stage, with such astonishing agility, were what was wanted; and the Frenchman knowing no better, brought them to the window, at the time appointed, when Bradbury being on the look-out, could scarcely help laughing at his friend's mistake, when, as it happened, the stilts would answer the purpose equally as well, and without further delay drew out the window-frame, with the assistance of the iron bar, placed his feet in the straps, and stumped away up the narrow street, to the astonishment of those who met him, who perceiving a pale-faced figure, in a light coloured waistcoat, a flannel night-cap, and near twenty feet high, made a precipitate retreat, concluding they be-

held something supernatural, whilst Mons. Duboys followed his friend, highly diverted at this whimsical event.

The top of a high tilted waggon that stood in the street, soon afforded our hero an opportunity of dismounting, and leaving the stilts to take their chance the clown and the pantaloon made the best of their way to Bradbury's former lodgings.

Luckily, although he had been absent for some weeks, his apartments were still at liberty, and his property safe; for always punctual in his weekly payment, and peaceable and unoffending in his conduct, he was, generally, much respected by those with whom he lived; and, of course, he was now received as one risen from the grave; which, indeed, his appearance warranted; but none rejoiced more at his return, than his faithful servant, the bear, who had been carefully attended during his absence, for the moment the poor animal heard his master's voice, he gave loud tokens of uneasi-

ness, in his kennel, and being liberated, made the best of his way to the sitting-room; and the scene that took place nearly brought the poor Frenchman to tears, for the fondness expressed by the human creature for the brute, and the fondling gratitude of the latter in return, would have awakened a tender feeling in the breast of the most hardened, even the lion fighter, *Wombwell*.

Finding from a bill, that lay on the table, that Mathews was then exhibiting in the Theatre, and that this was his last night, he immediately dispatched Duboys with a note, describing the situation he had just escaped from, and requested his advice, in case he should again be made a prisoner.

This note produced the desired effect. The performance was no sooner over than Mathews, ever ready to lend his aid to the oppressed, came to him, and after hearing what he had to say, offered every assistance in his power.

Bradbury's appearance, when Mathews

entered the room, struck him in a serious and whimsical point of view, at the same moment. Reclining his head on his hand, flannel night-cap, pale countenance, &c. bore so great a contrast to his general appearance, that had he not been apprised before he came, that it was Bradbury, he would not have known him. The tremendous appearance of the bear on his right hand, and a brace of loaded pistols on the table, arrested the attention of the great imitator, who holding the door in his hand for a precipitate retreat, exclaimed, “Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Art thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d—I will speak to thee—call thee *friend*.”

Bradbury then coming forward, he took him by the hand, heedless of the bear, which, from report, he knew to be quite harmless, and seating himself by his side, attentively listened to the whole of his melancholy story. At the conclusion of which Bradbury earnestly solicited his advice, what was the best mode of

securing his liberty, and of obtaining his gold snuff-box, watch, and clothes, taken from him under the plea of insanity.

Before a reply could be made, the room door opened, and the two keepers from the asylum made their appearance, almost breathless with the pursuit, but on beholding the bear, who, from their precipitate mode of opening the door, rose awfully majestic, and at the same time, observing the object of their search standing in a resolute posture, with a pistol in each hand, they remained immoveable, undetermined whether to proceed or retreat.

Mathews, who plainly perceived the length and breadth of this cruel and oppressive business, stepped between the parties, and with considerable indignation demanded a reason for this intrusion, whether they meant to rob the house, "If so, we are prepared for self defence," continued he, picking up one of the pis-

tols, “ and if you advance a foot further you may repent it.”

This unexpected reception brought the madmen-makers to a state of rationality and explanation. “ They were only doing their duty ; the gentleman had escaped from their master’s house.” During this short parley Bradbury’s choler, boiling at the thought of the treatment he had received from these men, drove him almost into a phrenzy, and unable to restrain himself, he threw all his recovered strength into one arm, and when least expected, dealt such a tremendous blow in the face of the foremost man, that he fell with great force against the other, and both went headlong down the stairs, whilst poor bruin, though he attempted not to commence hostilities, stood on the top landing, looking down on the vanquished foe, and as if rejoicing at his master’s victory, gave a roar that echoed through the house, and so alarmed the two men that they made as speedy a re-

treat as their bruised state of body would permit.

Having thus cleared the premises of the invaders, it was mutually agreed, as Mathews sat out for London in the morning, that Bradbury should accompany him, and there commence legal proceedings against the causers of his incarceration, and the detainers of his property. Accordingly next morning, our hero, with great difficulty, procured a wig instead of a night-cap; and luckily placed bruin in the hands of a humane captain of a vessel, bound for London, who cheerfully undertook to deliver him into his master's hands the moment he arrived. Thus Bradbury, provided with a seat in Mathews' chaise, was, through his liberal attention and friendly assistance, once more restored, in safety, to his friends in London.

CHAP. XXVI.

Thus ended this interesting narrative, which I have related, not exactly as I had it from Bradbury, but from general report.

Cheery, although at the other end of the room engaged in his little hymn-book, could not avoid overhearing most of Bradbury's account, seemed much interested, and often interposed his usual ejaculation, "High ho!" no doubt, attributing all Bradbury's misfortunes, as he did every thing else that was bad, to the *fall*, now ventured to come forward, and in his humble way, asked, "And pray, sir, with all humility, may I ask what became of that instrument of divine vengeance, the bear?"

"And how, my good friend," replied I, "do you make out that a bear is an instrument of divine vengeance?"

“Do not you read in your bible, Mr. Romney, that two she-bears were called in by Elijah, to tear forty and two little innocent children to pieces, because they called him names, and, therefore, they were instruments of vengeance against these wicked children.”

Bradbury, who was unacquainted with the eccentricities, as well as the excellencies of Cheery's character, looked all astonishment, never having heard of such a passage in scripture before, and from its injustice and cruelty, could not believe it possible, till I informed him that it was to be found there. He then, being a true thick and thin churchman, stifled what ratiocinating faculties he possessed, and as in duty bound, swallowed the bears that tore to pieces the poor unoffending children, in which he was the more confirmed, when Cheery informed him it was all owing to the *fall*.

“True, sir,” cried theologician Bradbury, “falls are bad things; I have had plenty in my time; you recollect, Mr.

Romney, when you first brought me on the stage, in Liverpool, I fell through the trap-door, and put my collar-bone out."

This last sentence was totally unintelligible to Cheery, who knew nothing of trap-doors or stage performances, and he again repeated his inquiry after the bear.

"Sir," replied Bradbury, "we lived together, in good fellowship, for some years afterwards; and I do assure you, sir, I would not have taken a hundred guineas for him, but being engaged by Downton for *Mother Goose*, in Rochester, I left home for two months; and although I placed the greatest confidence in the person in whose care I left my poor animal, nevertheless he was neglected and nearly starved. In that state, though otherwise quite inoffensive, he became ravenous, and a child happening to come near his kennel, he seized and bit it, on which account the father of the infant shot him on the spot, and so I lost poor bruin."

"High ho!—what a pity—the depravi-

ty of man frequently sinks human nature beneath the level of the brute creation.”

The general report that prevailed at the time the snuff-box business took place at Portsmouth was, that Bradbury's insanity was all a scheme, for which he was bribed with a handsome annuity, by the rich relatives of the young man who laid violent hands upon himself, whereby the disgrace and consequences of a prosecution were avoided, the principal evidence and prosecutor being rendered incapable.

This, however, Bradbury denies, and asserts that he procured the first advice, with full intention to pursue the parties to the utmost rigour of the law, but his legal adviser, most disinterestedly !!! persuaded him to decline it, as a matter certain in heavy expence, but doubtful in the event, the defendant having sailed for India some weeks previous.

It has long been my wish, throughout this work, to steer as clear as possible from individual efforts and professional exertions, by which I had hitherto been

enabled, though with difficulty, to supply the Cottage with necessary comforts, yet it will naturally be supposed that these public exertions occasionally took place, though at this time not so often as would have been necessary, had not the worthy Cheery, from the ample means he possessed, insisted upon being the paymaster, wherever he accompanied me ; yet sometimes I exhibited without his knowledge, under a feigned excuse, at some distant town, and remitted the profits to the Cottage, that contained my all of this world's comfort.

These warm terms of affection to some may appear fulsome and uxorious, more particularly from a person near threescore years and ten ; but to those who knew the parties — have read the preceding vols. of the Itinerant—or, perhaps, witnessed the domestic comforts that congenial dispositions, with moderately well informed minds, in a seven and forty years' connection produced, may, if they possess any sympathy themselves, be en-

abled to make allowances for a warmth of expression fully justified by the feelings of the moment.

The morning after the above scene with Bradbury, I received a letter from my old friend, Mr. M'Creedy, manager then of the Whitehaven and other Theatres, with an offer of an engagement for three nights, on liberal terms, to which I acceded, conceiving that as Maryport lay within fifteen miles, and by no means out of the way, I could avail myself of Mr. Christian's friendly offer, when at Kendal, by giving my Lectures one night at Maryport.

The reader will, doubtless, recollect, at the outset of these last three vols. a dinner given by the inhabitants of Kendal to Mr. Brougham, at which I had the honour of an invitation, and Mr. Christian, a Magistrate near Maryport, who was one of the party, volunteered his services in case I should at some future period deliver my Lectures in his neighbourhood.

It was not a very difficult matter to persuade the worthy Cheery to any thing not bad in a moral point of view, or tending to oppose his theological opinions.

I, therefore, easily reconciled my departure to Cheery, for a week, under the pretence of some pecuniary business at Whitehaven, that demanded my immediate attendance, and promised to meet him with all expedition at Lanark, entertaining, as he said, a strong desire to see that reported beautiful place, and happy people; besides he had a letter of introduction to Mr. Owen.

Accordingly I set out that morning, and the next day arrived at Whitehaven, where success more than answered expectation. On return, according to my former intentions, I stopped one night at Maryport, and flattered by the former promises of *Mr. Christian*, which solely led me there, I anticipated a respectable attendance, and inclosed a bill in a note to his residence, a trifling distance from Maryport, calling to mind his former

volunteered promises at Kendal, but what are promises at a public dinner, when the vinous liquid fills the mind with imaginary feelings? sensations perhaps never experienced but at such times. The stimulus being gone, "Richard is himself again!" So it was in this instance; the promised patronage vanished like a vapour, and the Christian volunteer of his unsolicited services, made not his appearance, nor scarcely any one else, so that the man who at Kendal thought genius should be supported, at Maryport thought otherwise.

Although the expense on this occasion was trifling, yet having remitted my Whitehaven profits that morning to Parkgate, I found myself unpleasantly situated, depending on Maryport, through the expected patronage of the Christian, to supply at least a sufficiency for travelling expenses on my return.

The disappointment, doubtless, was visible in my appearance, for the people

of the Inn, inquired if I was not indisposed.

That good frequently arises out of evil, every day's experience verifies, I must again observe, and although I cannot perceive the general interference of providence in human affairs, yet I have, through life, at times been so singularly and unexpectedly released from embarrassments that seemed to leave no loophole for escape, that I should esteem myself ungrateful were I to attribute them to any other source, than the kind and merciful hand of the great over-ruling first cause of every good circumstance that takes place on earth; and I even reflect with pleasure on Mr. Christian, and feel myself indebted to him for being the unpleasant means of introducing me to one of the first female literary characters I had ever the honour to be acquainted with.

The dilapidated state of my finances, arising to my failure at Maryport, ren-

dered immediate application somewhere necessary, and I made up my mind to drop a line to my friend Cheery, whose kind and friendly disposition I well knew had something more of the Christian about it than barely the name, when, as I sat at breakfast, and had just come to the above conclusion, I received the following note, written in a neat and lady-like hand:

“ SIR,

“ Although I have not the pleasure of being known to you, yet I have long been acquainted with you on paper; and believe me, Sir, the pleasure I have received in reading the *Itinerant* has left a strong desire to be personally known to its author.

“ If you have an hour to spare, would you favour me with your company to dinner this day, at three o'clock, when, if you can point out any mode whereby I can promote your interest, you may command the services of, Sir,

With the highest respect,

Your most obedient,

— CRAIK.

Flimby Lodge, near Maryport.”

This letter, and the flattering terms it contained, roused me from an unpleasant

reverie, raising my spirits to a height that enabled me, with some energy, to ring the bell, and inquire of the landlord whereabouts Flimby Lodge lay, and who was the owner of it.

“Sir,” says the landlord, “Miss Craik, the owner of it, is a lady highly respected in the neighbourhood; she is said to be very high learned; reads and writes a great deal, although I believe in her seventieth year. She is very good to the poor, and always patronises people in distress.”

How busy the mind is in plaguing itself. I thought the man’s last words were accompanied with a sarcastic look at me. I dare say he meant nothing of the kind; however, I thought so; but what of that? Again, thought I, he thinks no more than the truth, and what is there to be ashamed of in honest poverty?

Always in decent, gentlemanly trim, as to appearance, let the pocket be how it would, I arrived at Flimby Lodge at the appointed hour, and was received by

Miss Craik with the greatest politeness and hospitality.

But what are the choicest viands?—what are the most elegant repasts, compared with the more refined enjoyment of the ratiocinating faculties of an amiable, talented, well informed female?

Miss Craik, although, as the Inn-keeper stated, in her seventieth year, preserved the remains of fascinating features, and her easy address and suavity of manners were quite free from that distance and hauteur, that her rank and riches might have produced in some minds less informed, whilst in Miss Craik they only served to render her manners more encouraging, whilst excellence of language, and elegance of deportment, rivetted my attention, and increased my respect.

Alas, I regret, *most sincerely*, to say, that as this was the *first*, so it was the *last* time I ever had the honour, for an honour it was, of seeing and conversing with this truly amiable and most accom-

plished of the sex.—I have been favoured with her correspondence, it is true, which evinced a degree of talent superior to any thing I ever before met with from a female. Miss Seward possessed great excellence in the art of letter-writing, but I must confess I think Miss Craik was her *superior*. I have corresponded with both.

CHAP. XXVII.

My interview with this excellent lady was not only pleasant but profitable, for having read only the three first vols. of the *Itinerant*, she was anxious for the second series, which I promised to send her, together with *Fanny Fitz-York*, an excellent novel, in three vols. written by my Nanny, for which, in a most generous and feeling manner, she made me a handsome present, that placed it amply in my power to keep my appointment with my friend Cheery, as I purposed to conclude my peregrinations at Glasgow, fully intending to return from thence to Parkgate, although, alas, my finances were not in a state to enable the *Itinerant* to remain long stationary any where.

In leaving this kind lady's hospitable

mansion, I felt considerable pain, as well as pleasure; my pecuniary wants had been relieved, my vanity gratified, by the approbation of a well-informed mind, and as I turned to take a last view of her dwelling, an involuntary *God bless her!* escaped from the bottom of my heart, and it struck me with regret, that in all probability I should never see her again. I slowly measured my way to Maryport, thinking within myself what a pity so every way desirable a *lady* should be without a *lord*.

“Hoot awa, mon, ye shanna escape tul I ken your license,” exclaimed a man in broad Scotch, mounted on a small pony, at the same time holding another by the collar, who bore on his arm a basket of pedlar’s ware. They were but a few yards before me, so that I distantly heard what passed, and the voice of the man on horseback seemed familiar to my ear.

As a friend to freedom I always did, and ever shall feel a warm interest

in favour of the oppressed. In this instance I felt peculiarly so, for the pedlar had a child tied on his back, and begged piteously to be released, acknowledging he had no license, being too poor to purchase one. “ Ah, yer are a defra’der o’ the revinue, and I shall seize your basket, and aw its unlawfu contents.” He then made a grasp at the basket, which the owner resolutely defended, whilst the Scotchman, holding up his stick, swore heartily—the poor pedlar supplicated mournfully—and the child cried piteously.

Just as I came up the Scotchman, in a powerful effort to force the basket from the pedlar, lost his equilibrium, and fell from his pony to the ground, still keeping fast hold of the basket, which nearly brought the poor pedlar down with him, and at that moment the strap that fastened the child to his back gave way, and the poor infant would have sustained a fall, if I, luckily observing the danger, had not caught it in my arms.

The contest now became serious; the Scotchman determined to stick to his plunder, and the pedlar to defend it, in which determination he became more encouraged, on beholding the care I took of his child, confident from this that he had not two to contend with. I soon perceived, with some concern, that without my interference the poor man must soon lose his hold, or be pummelled to death. For his Caledonian antagonist, although on his back, laid about him (with his stick) most unmercifully.

Fortunately I had a stout cane in my hand, and though I at times wish to obey the powers that be, with true orthodox submission, I don't know how it was, but guided by the heterodox spirit of commiseration, or some such jacobinical feeling, I let my cane fall close to the pedlar's side, who in an instant made good use of it, for with one blow on the Scotchman's proboscis he rescued his property, and deluged his adversary's face with the crimson liquid of life,

The battle was now at an end, for the Scotchman had got rather more than was agreeable, and lay on the ground clearing off the blood that flowed profusely, whilst the pedlar strapped his child again on his back, and made off with his basket at as quick a pace as possible ; when, at a small distance, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped, and as it were, in grateful remembrance, turned round and pulled off his bonnet, as much as to say, sir, I most humbly thank you.

I confess I cannot, at this distant period, help rejoicing, sinner that I am, at the escape of the poor pedlar and his little fat child, from the grasp of this custom-house cormorant, and my eye followed him, in eager hope that he might be able to escape pursuit, which, no doubt, he effected.

Just as I reached the suburbs of Maryport, the wounded warrior was at my heels. He stopped, with intent to address me, as well as his bleeding nose would permit, no doubt, in not the most

pleasing manner, when obtaining a full view of me, for the first time, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands, “ And is it you, Mr. Romney, that I ken? and is it you that have been guilty of the muckle sin of rescuing a vile culprit from the hands o’ justice? and of maiming and maltreating an officer o’ his Majesty’s revinue, in the person o’ your old servant, *Sandy Anderson*.

The costume and the countenance of the man had undergone so great a change for the better, that I knew him not, although his voice was familiar to my ear; but on more minute investigation, I found it was the individual *Sandy Anderson*, my former charioteer, who with *grey mare Barley* escorted me through a part of Scotland; and who was transported, as they call it, from his native country, as a punishment into England, for smuggling whiskey at *Glenlevett*.

If this man had acted any otherwise than he had done towards the poor pedlar, I should not have been displeased to see

him, but as it was, I felt at a loss how to receive him. Therefore, finding my mind in a state of exacerbation against this inconsistent tyrant, I replied in a tone that must have convinced him he had no friendship to expect from me, reproaching him at the same time for having no mercy on the poor man, for infringing on the laws of his country, in the most trifling degree, whilst he was now suffering transportation, for breaking them over and over again by wholesale.

Drawing near to me, and in a low tone, he replied, "For the love o' St. Anthony, Mr. Romney, haud your hand upon that subjec, or I may lose my place and my character for ever. Ah, sir, I'm become a new man, a *babe o' grace*, and a constant kirkman, so that the Elders perceiving my righteous thriving, hath thought fit t^o recommend me as an officer o' excise. Ah, Mr. Romney, I have been a wicked sinner, and sorrow and repent me, but not i' sackcloth, that is na required i' these latter days; so thinking that of aw

sorrow a fou sorrow was best, I ha' accepted a place under government."

Turning away in disgust I made all possible expedition to the Inn, completely sickened with the conduct of this wretched being, who to sin the more safely, now covered his crimes with the cant of religious hypocrisy, a mode too frequently, I fear, practised under the guise of a black coat.

On my return to Scotland, I remained a night at Dumfries, and the enthusiasm I had long felt for the memory of that exalted genius, Robert Burns, led me to introduce myself to his widow, for which intrusion I had a decent excuse in having, previous to his death, been honoured by the friendship of the late Doctor Curry, of Liverpool, the biographer of the never-to-be-forgotten Scotch bard.

I found Mrs. Burns, a plain, kind, hospitable good creature, and as it was Saturday night, accepted her invitation to breakfast, intending likewise to visit the splendend Tomb erected to the memo-

ry of Burns at the public expense—that public which at his death paid great attention to the plumage of his corpse, and during life left the poor bird to pine in penury and want.

After breakfast, Mrs. Burns favoured me with her arm to Kirk, and placed me in the seat once filled by her highly gifted husband, the thoughts of which occupied my mind so much, that I paid little attention to an hour and half's discourse, for pious Sandy wo'nt be satisfied with less.

The tomb of Robert Burns appears to me to be a most excellent piece of sculpture, and has been so often and so well described, that it would be presumption in me to attempt it.

Returning from the tomb of this wonderful man, whose literary fame will live as long as it pleases the great Creator to bless humanity with rational understanding, in a fit of disgust I penned the following lines:—

To dress up your deep woe,
In grand pageant and show,
Marks a pride that holds grief in derision ;
And to think a fine tomb,
Of affections the womb,
Is from you, an absurd imposition.
Whilst the object survived,
Tho' of comforts deprived,
You neglected this witty and wise man,
Or, magnanimous Dole,
Cramp'd his expanded soul,
In the pitiful place of Exciseman.
Now he's gone, you can find
His like's not left behind ;
So you build up a grand mausoleum,
And that strangers may gaze
At your national blaze,
To see it you almost would fee 'em,
But on his hallow'd name,
Do not build your own fame,
Tho' the man was in genius a *giant*,
For this tomb's but a stride
Of your native Scotch pride ;
Its nought else, my friend, Sandy, rely on't.

When I arrived at Glasgow, to my great grief, I found the worthy Cheery laid up at the Tontine, by a violent nervous attack, which had rendered him

nearly incapable of assisting himself in almost any thing, but the before mentioned quaker, with that kindness which always accompanies the true christian spirit, had remained beyond his time in town, on purpose to attend upon the worthy invalid, and never left him night nor day.

'Tis truly said in scripture, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." And considering the kingdom of heaven to be a state of mind, as I do, and not any particular place, or local situation, dispositions similar to the above, have it not only at hand, but at heart.

Cheery's recovery in a few days, dissipated the gloom that had overcast the features of all who knew him, for it was impossible to be acquainted with this worthy creature, without feeling a high respect for his character, providence had formed him in so heavenly a mould, and blessed him with so benevolent a disposition, that had he been born in Constantinople, and bred up a Mahometan,

he would, nevertheless, have been a Christian in principle and practice; for to do unto others as he would be done unto, seemed to be interwoven in his disposition, and he literally loved his neighbour as himself. The goodness of his heart and the comfort of his mind, arising from his christian principles and practice, were never more truly conspicuous than during his sickness—for when he fancied himself on the point of death, with gratitude beaming in his countenance, he piously ejaculated, “The sting of death is *sin*, but thanks to *God*, who hath given me the *victory*, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Had the *atheist* or the *deist*, and more there are of both than the world is aware of, beheld the calm resignation and firm confidence, in a future happy existence, so legible on the countenance of this truly good man, whatever opinions they might entertain of this faith, his state of mind must have been an object of their admiration, if not their envy.

But Cheery recovered, and soon afterwards the loss of his tied hair, convinced me that the friends had made a convert of him.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Anxious, after so long an absence, to return once more to the seat of all my earthly comfort, I resolved, though ill prepared, in a pecuniary point of view, to relinquish the idea of accompanying Cheery to Mr. Owen's—and return directly to Parkgate.

Feeling much at leaving tried friends — my mind, always enthusiastically alive towards this charming romantic country, and its hospitable inhabitants, a melancholy sensation overshadowed my mind at the thoughts of parting from it, perhaps for ever, and produced the following lines. I insert them, not as a specimen of poetry, but as a faint effort to express the sincere feelings of a warm and grateful heart.

Farwell, ye sweet, health-breathing, untainted gales ;
Farwell, mighty mountains ; farewell lovely vales ;
Farwell, classic country, thou high favour'd ground,
Where the great names of Burns and of Scott may
be found :

Farwell, Bannockburn, and those plains of renown,
Fam'd for unequal contests 'twixt people and crown ;
Where numbers and skill were depriv'd of their use,
By the personal courage of Wallace and Bruce ;
Tho' oppos'd ten to one, yet their cause was so pure,
That the yell of the pibroch made victory sure.
Success smil'd on freedom, sweet fair-featur'd omen,
Like the silver complexion of lovely Lochlomond,
Farwell to all these, and ten thousand times more ;
Farwell, rural country, that none can explore,
Without feeling a pleasure ne'er tasted before.
'That land surly *Johnson* once left in a pet,
I enter'd with pleasure, and leave with regret.
Thus I thought—thus I mus'd—and because heavy
hearted ;
Once more, said farewell--heav'd a sigh--and departed.

Most sincerely I rejoiced at the worthy
Cheery's recovery, but, as usual, my
joy was but of short duration, for alas !
poor blind mortal, whilst rejoicing for
the recovery of thy friend, thou perceivest
not the clouds of calamity that are

gathering around on thy devoted head, ready to burst with overwhelming affliction.

Returning to my lodgings, after congratulating the worthy Cheery on his happy state of convalescence, a letter lay on my table.—It was from Parkgate—but not in the heart-cheering hand of my Nanny.—Trembling I broke the seal,—foreboding evil shook my frame—and the first line—for I read no more, put a period to all my earthly happiness.—“On Friday last your *amiable wife breathed her last.*”

“Oh, thou great first cause of every good! thy all-seeing spirit can alone appreciate my sufferings; they beggared all description; every feeling on this side distraction laboured in my breast, and my state of mind, as I think the reader will in part conceive, was truly pitiable.

For four years following this dreadful epoch, time after time I took up the pen, with intent to renew the dreadful subject, but both head and heart were unequal to the task, and were it not for pecuniary

embarrassments, which closely pursue me, even now, in my seventy-second year, this work would never have been brought to a conclusion by me ; so dreadful is the anticipation of again calling into action heart-rending sensations, which the lapse of time may have, in some measure, rendered less distracting.

Perhaps there are those who, having gone with me through the whole of this work, may now and then have felt the liquid of commiseration obscure the sense of vision.

“Poor fellow, he has suffered much, if all be true.”—But all is not true, and yet I have suffered much—enough to justify a tributary tear to the affliction of one, whose life since the first dawn of reflection, has been embittered, by too strong a feeling for the distress of others, without the power to relieve them. If, however, in the foregoing work I have been, though in ever so small a degree, the means of promoting liberal feelings amongst my fellow creatures, and more amiable opin-

ions of their Creator, by opposing cruelty of every description, and tyranny and oppression in all its branches; if I have in the least lessened these crying evils I am amply recompensed.

Fanatics, and the believers in the horrid doctrine of the murderer, Calvin, will look upon the Itinerant as the work of a devil, *pre-ordained* before the beginning of time, to plague and punish mankind.

But the liberal and well informed christian, who, whilst zealous bigots are fighting for modes of faith, looks up to *one God only*, through the medium of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, “a *man*,” as the Apostle observes, “*approved of God*,” will, I trust, acquit me of any intention, but that of promoting the first principle of Christianity—the love of our neighbour, in all countries and kingdoms throughout the world.

And now I must come to an abrupt conclusion, for after every effort to rally broken spirits, and once more bring them

up to the standard of pleasant description, I found it impracticable—my heart sunk at each attempt, and I fell back into the rear ranks of misery and despair.

Suffice it then to say—as briefly as possible.—In two hours after the above dreadful intelligence, the mail coach conveyed the most miserable of human beings, on the way towards his once happy domicile; and at eight the next morning but one, the little spire of my cottage cupola appeared in sight, on descending the adjacent hill.

Great God!—let the reader conceive, if he can, my feelings at that moment.

For many years my mind had been in the habit of receiving a cheering impulse after absence, from this returning view, and the anticipated joy that had always hitherto accompanied our meetings quickened the pace of the foot, and the pulsation of the heart; but now the sun shed in vain its blessed influence on my little garden—the grass plat—the chair—the hill that hung over the sea—the green wicket—all

and every thing that once gave pleasure, were now sickening to the sight.

Can I proceed—can I attempt to describe the sad reverse of all my former domestic comforts?—The once lively cottager's cheering welcome embrace, whose abundant spirits for seven and forty years, kept alive a melancholy being, who but for her must have sunk under the weight of accumulating misfortunes. Can I paint my state of mind, when instead of meeting warm and heartfelt congratulations at the door of my cot, to behold through the casement the cold *inanimate* corpse of—

But enough of this—I am well aware, weakness of mind, and warmth of feeling, have led me into detail that must be tedious;—nevertheless, the liberal class of my readers, and 'tis them I wish to please, will make allowance for a state of mind, little short of madness.

I now esteemed myself at the climax of human misery; for to add to my distress, as if the loss of all I valued on

earth, was not sufficient chastisement, *Poverty*—that never-ceasing *fiend*, whose malignant vengeance had followed me behind with whips and stings through most of my life, now made a powerful attack on the weak and exhausted resources of my mind, and I found myself surrounded on every side by indescribable misery;—so that I concluded loss of reason, and perhaps self-destruction, would soon put a period to my sufferings.

CHA XXIX.

Thoughtless mortal!—How I at this moment condemn my ingratitude and forgetfulness.—How oft, when plunged in distress of various kinds throughout my eventful life, have I been unexpectedly relieved, and raised from apparent destruction by the kind hand of providence, and, for the moment, a grateful feeling occupied my mind;—but now, all was forgotten, and nothing but dreadful doubts and fearful forebodings filled my thoughts, as if the hand of providence was shortened, or accumulated crime had for ever shut me out from the only certain shelter to an almost broken heart.

And soon I had cause to feel my ingratitude with redoubled force.

Liverpool—that glorious town—un-

matched for public spirit and private liberality—contained the most extensive circle of my friends and acquaintance—human creatures, whose hearts could feel, and hands relieve.—My unhappy situation had come to their knowledge.—A small committee of worthy beings assembled, and my immediate wants were relieved without solicitation, at a time when despair had taken possession of my heart; and the receipt of pecuniary aid, so unexpected, called forcibly to mind my forgetfulness and ingratitude to that unknown power, whose mercies I had so frequently experienced.

The village bell tolled—dreadful monitor!—The humble one-horse hearse moved slowly from my cottage-door.—My poor neighbours simultaneously left their homely habitations, and slowly paced by my side, in friendly sympathy, affording a mental comfort to a miserable mind, that funeral pomp, attended by the rich and powerful, could never have produced.

The solemn ceremony commenced—and as the worthy Minister pronounced “*Dust to dust,*” I took the spade from the Sexton’s hand, and gently let the earth fall on that form, which, when alive, I would not have permitted “the wind to visit too roughly.”

On my return, I unburthened my wretched mind, by the following lines, intended as an epitaph:

Kind stranger draw nigh,
Nor unheeding pass by,
Perhaps you have seen my cot canny;
Then, oh! tenderly tread,
For its Mistress is *dead*
And this is the grave of *my Nanny*.

Had her worth been made known,
The extent of this stone,
Might be fill’d, for her virtues were many;
Then in reverence profound,
Pay respect to the ground,
For this is the grave of *my Nanny*

To her husband most dear,
And God knows, with a tear,
His prayers on this spot have been many;

Then a blessing bestow,
On her soul, ere you go,
For this is the grave of *my Nanny*.

Oh, Great Power above!
God of wisdom and love,
Though of virtues, I boast not of any;
Grant this *prayer* of my *heart*,
That our souls may ne'er part,
When I'm laid in the grave with my *Nanny*.

Alas! alas! there is no real happiness in this "working day world." It is true the countenance may sometimes forget her sorrows, but the gloom of night will again return. Let us look around, and where is happiness to be found?—Is it hid in the cottage, or does it glitter in the palace?—Ask the inhabitants of both, and they will tell you that ambition and fear torment the one, and poverty and fatigue distress the other.—Do we strut with the fantastic plumes of titles, family, or learning? We are kindred to the worms, and must die with the poor and unlettered; and *then*, and *then* only, we shall experience whatever degree of happiness our

state of mind will permit;—for as I am a believer in universal salvation, and most cordially detest the horrid doctrine of reprobation, considering such opinions to militate against the attributes of deity—foreknowledge, justice, and mercy—I cannot help concluding, that the happiness of the creature is the ultimate design of the Creator, whatever state of probation may be necessary, before they arrive at it.—This is my creed.

“ If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find a better way.”

In conclusion I have only to observe, that the worthy before mentioned Committee,—Mr. EGERTON SMITH,—Mr. EDWARD RUSHTON,—Mr. WILLIAM STEEL—Mr. THOMAS COGLAN,—and Mr. JOHN SMITH,—all of Liverpool. Five men, possessed of superior information, integrity, goodness of heart, and friendly feelings, met together, and with a heavenly inten-

tion, that I hope and trust will incline the recording angel to blot out their errors, agreed to open an annual subscription for my future support. By their kind influence, the aggregate sum once amounted to ninety-five pounds; but within the last year, through misfortunes in business, and the never-sparing hand of death, it is reduced to less than one half.

The Prospectus, together with friendly personal exertions, that produced this happy result, was drawn up by Mr. JOHN SMITH, to whom I can never enough acknowledge my obligations. I subjoin it, out of gratitude to those truly worthy people, and as a proof, that though bereft of almost every comfort, I found myself surrounded by real *friends*, who felt for my situation, and exerted every effort to relieve my affliction.

THE AUTHOR.

CIRCULAR.

A Committee of Mr. Ryley's friends, consisting of Mr. Egerton Smith, Mr. William Steel, Mr. Edward Rushton, Mr. Thomas Cogan, and Mr. John Smith, are desirous of obtaining assistance, in providing for Mr. Ryley, such a moderate annual stipend as may decently support him in the decline of life.—He is now far advanced in years; his professional powers are evidently on the wane; and a recent domestic affliction has left him solitary in the world.—His friends have generally been liberal in attending his Annual Benefits, which have been sometimes productive, but at other times unsuccessful; and it has often been a subject of regret, that when a guinea is expended in his behalf, on such occasions, a mere

fraction of the sum actually accrues to Mr. Ryley; for, after all his drudgery and anxiety, the principal part of the money is absorbed in the usual heavy expenses attendant on a public performance. The undersigned, therefore, prefer subscribing a sum annually, for his own use, during the few years which in the course of nature may be left to him

It is hoped that some will be induced to subscribe, who, knowing him personally, cannot but recollect with pleasure his gentlemanly manners, and his agreeable social powers.—Some, who have known him in better days, and in the meridian of a public life, may feel a satisfaction in assisting to render the evening of his existence comfortable! Some who have been amused and instructed in their leisure hours by his writings, may be gratified by dissipating the gloom which must otherwise dim the latter pages of the life of “Romney;” whilst

others, impelled solely by the philanthropic spirit of general benevolence, will kindly afford assistance to one who, when the means were in his power, never refused his mite to those who stood in need.

THE END.

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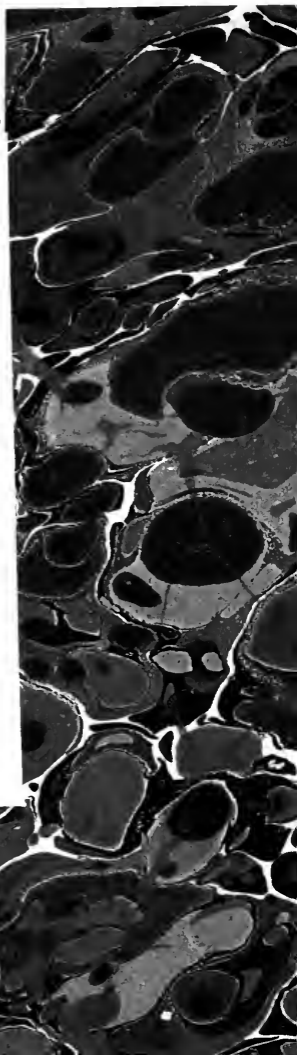


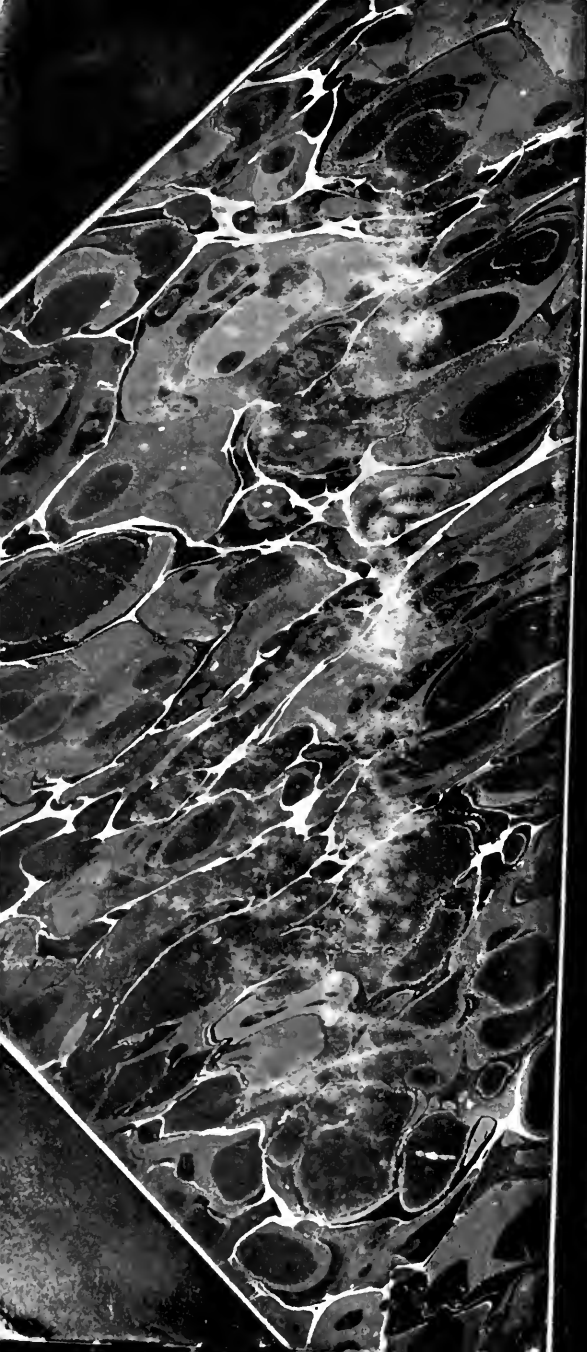
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